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JOHN BULL

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EDITORIAL

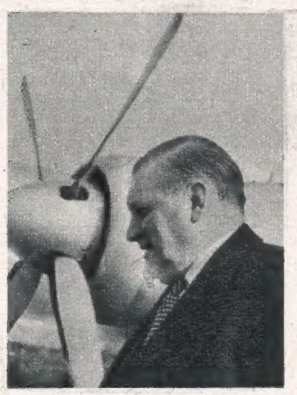
Helicopter age

TWICE every day a helicopter rises straight out of the centre of Brussels and flies direct to the centre of Rotterdam. Six other European cities are already linked by helicopters; and soon there will be daily flights between Brussels and Paris.

British airline men—and passengers—look enviously at these aircraft of the future, now a reality of the present. For Britain, so far ahead with jets, is equally far behind in this, the other major air development.

Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, chairman of British European Airways, says: "The helicopter age is almost upon us—but I wish more people were aware of it."

BRITAIN was the first country to have a regular helicopter passenger service—in 1950, between Liverpool and Cardiff. Since then, the Duke of Edinburgh has flown one to Buckingham Palace, and they have proved themselves in Korea and Malaya. But now our only scheduled flights carry freight between Birmingham and London Airport.



LORD DOUGLAS
"Helicopter age is upon us"

There are two main reasons for the hold-up: the failure to provide a landing-ground in Central London, and the decision to concentrate on the manufacture of Comets, Viscounts and Britannias—with helicopters nowhere.

B.E.A. have ambitious plans to link London, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Belfast, the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Norwich, Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, Southampton and the Channel Islands, in addition to Paris, Amsterdam and Brussels.

FOR this they must have large, multi-engined, economic helicopters. At the moment they have only small, single-engined and expensive-running ones. And the government is reluctant to invest the millions of pounds which the design and building of gas-turbined, jet-aided prototypes would cost.

For landing in London, a new roof-top platform for Waterloo Station is proposed, but the London County Council is reluctant to agree to any central heliport, pleading danger, noise and lack of space. So now the experts are working on the idea of fitting floats to helicopters and landing them on the Thames.

IT takes eight hours and twelve minutes to travel from London to Paris by train and boat. By bus and plane it takes three hours forty minutes. A helicopter could do it in one and a half hours.

Time is money. This looks like an investment we should be able to afford.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN wealthy Egyptians were buried thousands of years ago their new shoes went with them. Artist Edwin Phillips's salesgirl sometimes wishes that the idea could be brought up to date. The average woman tries on twenty pairs of shoes to buy two and a half a year, and takes an hour about it. The shoe trade really likes it that way, but this customer spent an hour over seventeen and a half pairs she had no intention of buying.

What do you look for in a car?

MORRIS have always succeeded in giving motorists more for their money—more of everything that makes for lasting satisfaction. In the "Oxford", Morris values reach the highest peak ever attained. Ask your Morris dealer to show you this fine car. Take the wheel in a fact-proving demonstration run.

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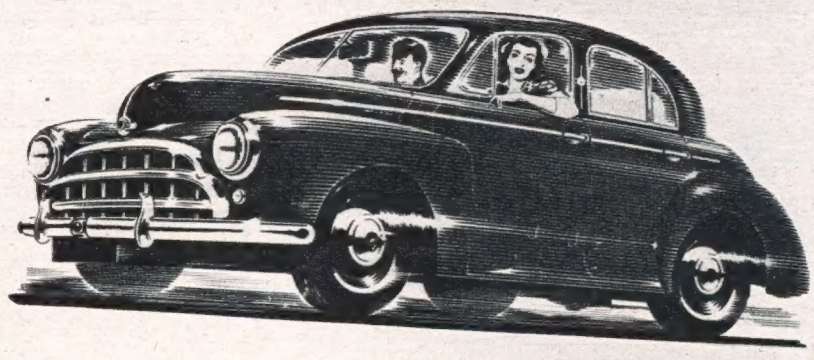

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FREE SPEECH

Her tenant proved expensive

AFTER my husband's death early last year, I decided to let off the top floor of my house as a self-contained two-bedroom furnished flat.

A young man in my daughter's office took the tenancy. He was married, with a little boy of three. They were with me for nine months, and in that short time they scorched a door with an electric fire, dirtied the new wallpaper, cracked the wash-hand basin, and marked the table, mantelpiece and the sideboard with teacup rings and cigarette burns. I lost a month's rent when they left—it took that time to make the flat decent for the next tenant. This evening my daughter told me that the young man has been saying that I had grossly overcharged him. The conversion and furnishing cost me £200, and I fixed the rent at three and a half guineas. Clearing up after the young man cost £35, and when increased income tax and rates, and the lost rent are taken into account, I made only £70 on the first letting. I was still £130 out of pocket. Landladies are often criticized unfairly.—MRS. A. L., Essex.

Trade Names

TIPTREE has roads linked with its fruit and jam ("Free Speech," February 6). Here in Paisley, where there are large thread mills, we have streets named from Thread, Cotton, Silk, Gauze and Lawn. — MRS. E. McL., Paisley.

The Way In

A LOCKED car was parked at the entrance to a narrow gateway, and the lorry-driver could not take his vehicle through. I watched him remove two screws from the door-handle, slip the bolt from the mortice, move the car, re-set the bolt in the locked position, and replace the screws. The operation took less than a minute. Cars with locks of this type must invite the attentions of thieves.—J. W. TREADGOLD, Prospect Road, Redditch, Worcestershire.

Man Power

I FOUND recently that, after working for about three hours in rubber boots, I jumped from an electric shock if I touched any metal object. I have decided that a small charge of electricity must be built up in my body. Owing to the boots, it cannot escape to earth, so I get a shock when it passes to metal.—F. H. SAINT, Northop Hall Village, Flintshire.

The explanation is correct, says a physicist. Some people generate a very small amount of electricity through friction with their clothes as they work. If they are wearing ordinary shoes, it leaks away to earth.

Washing Weather

DURING the cold spell, my cat refused to give himself his normal daily wash. Then one day he washed a little. Two days later he washed more thoroughly, and I predicted a thaw. It came the next morning. This was not the first time the cat had acted as a weather prophet. — MRS. D. P., Drayton, Portsmouth, Hampshire.

Indian Corns

IN India I learned that the chiropodists could remove the biggest corns, quite painlessly, within a minute. Their method was to slice a fine layer of hard skin off the corn and then cover it with a hollow cone—usually the tip of a goat's horn—with a hole pierced through its apex. This cone was made vacuum-tight by suction, and the hole was sealed with beeswax. In a few seconds the cone and the corn with its root would fall away from the toe. — GEORGE W. MANN, Croxteth, Liverpool.

A doctor says: "This method follows the basic principle of cupping, which has been known and practised for many centuries. It is quite a good method, and might well be employed—though not in such a primitive manner—much more often than it is today."

MY FRIEND THE BABOON

"Given the chance," says Arthur Harris, "the baboon is a pretty nice fellow." He describes how the baboons raise their young and grieve for their dead—and tells how one pack kidnapped and brought up a human child

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Food Fashion

STUDYING a large flock of quarrelsome seagulls through my binoculars, I saw that they were attacking a gull which was wearing a thick slice of bread as a necklace. It must have been pecking a hole through the bread, tossed its head back suddenly, and got caught.—MRS. D. C. S., Hampshire.

Rates For Jobs

I AM an engineer, with a salary of approximately £1,000 a year. My position has been earned not by grant-aided study but by hard work at evening classes. In 1938, when my wage was £3 18s. a week, I supported a wife and child, and paid the deposit on a house. Today the same job is worth about twice the money—and that is not the £580 which your ex-teacher correspondent, now in industry ("Free Speech," January 30), found it so hard to live on.—S., Edinburgh.

. . . After twenty years of scientific work in industry, I am earning £700 a year. I have been a research worker and chief chemist, and am now in an administrative position, with direct control of manufacturing processes, staff and four hundred workpeople.—B.Sc., A.R.I.C., Yorkshire.

. . . At twenty-six, I took my first curacy at £190 a year; I had to pay my expenses and £110 a year for digs. After two and a half years, I was offered my first benefice at £250 a year. Five years later, I took my second living; it was worth £400 a year. In 1950 my expenses exceeded my income by £84, and I had to give up the living and take my present appointment at £460 a year and allowances. — CHAPLAIN, County Durham.

Central Heating

THE street lamp opposite my home should take three bulbs, but it has only two. When people who are in the know pass by at night, they tap the lamp post with a key or a coin, and a sparrow pops out his head from the hole where the third bulb should fit. It just looks down for a moment, as if to see who is there, and then back it goes to its warm winter refuge. — CECIL ROBERTS, Holyhead.

Green For Danger

I WAS a member of the crew of a landing craft which took part in the Commandos' mock assault on the Cornish cliffs ("Ramps Down!" by Murdoch McDougall, JOHN BULL, February 6). It was a terrifying experience to watch the men leap into their collapsible dinghies and push off. During the cliff climb, one Commando slipped into the sea. His mate, who was halfway up the face, dived head first among the rocks to rescue him. Then they both went back to their climb.—R. HEPWORTH, Farnborough, Kent.

. . . Murdoch McDougall is well-known here. He is a mighty hitter on the local cricket ground. Once, he drove a six over the ropes and smashed the window of a parked car. That made him a hero. — J. WATT, Broughty Ferry, By Dundee.

. . . Is McDougall the same Mac who hit the late Hedley Verity for six at Armagh, Northern Ireland, during the summer of 1941? Norman Yardley also played in that game. — R. HARTWRIGHT, Worcester.

When he played against Verity in 1941, McDougall was serving with the 5th Division as a field security sergeant. He hit the six, and was out next ball. The concluding instalment of "Ramps Down!" begins on page 18.

Ears With A Tail

UNLESS I kept my hearing aid switched on, I never knew when the door bell or telephone was ringing. So I trained my little terrier to stay

at my side all the time. She barks and makes a great fuss whenever a bell rings or she hears anything unusual.—MRS. H. L., Angus.

The wiring of a house can be adapted so that the lights will flicker when the door or telephone bell is rung. Telephones can be fitted with a light to indicate calls.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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AUTOMATIC PICTURE CONTROL

P Y E L I M I T E D O F C A M B R I D G E

"Hoity Toity— that's no way to behave"

SAID

RICHARD TODD

HOITY TOITY, one of Richard Todd's racehorses, snorted — positively bridled, in fact.

"He has to be the centre of the picture," said Richard. "As long as we're talking about him, he's quite happy, not to say smug. But change the subject, and he immediately takes umbrage. All these tantrums just because I offered you a cigarette, Nobby."

"Well, you can't blame him," said Nobby Clarke, the stable boy. "He doesn't smoke."

"Poor old fellow, I'm sorry for him."

"Me, too. Must be a dog's life being a horse."

"Yes, no wonder he's hoity toity—the enjoyment we get from a Capstan means nothing to him. Except, of course, that his master takes a nice, friendly view of life . . . Come to think of it, Nobby, you might almost say that a cigarette makes a man more ***human.***"

Have a CAPSTAN

★ **RICHARD TODD,** an Associated British star, plays the name part in Walt Disney's All-Live-Action Technicolor film of the legendary hero of the Highlands 'ROB ROY'.

— they're made to make friends

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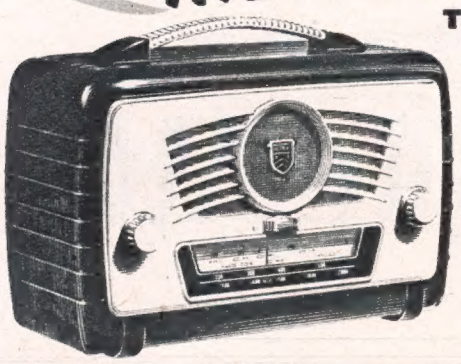

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Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients.

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THE STRANGE LAND

by HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

RAIN CAME IN GUSTS out of a leaden sky. The flat-topped houses of the old Arab town climbed the hill like a cemetery of close-packed gravestones, windowless, lifeless, their whiteness accentuated by the dusk. There was still light enough for me to see the solitary palm tree above the old Sultan's Palace thrashing its fronds.

The Air France flight from Paris went over, a dull roar of engines in the murk of low-hung cloud. The plane was over two hours late, delayed by the bad weather. Even so, it had left Paris only that morning. A day's flying and I could be in England. I hunched my shoulders into my raincoat and tried not to think of England. My home was now Enfida, close under the mountains of the High Atlas looking out across the flat, brown plain to Marrakesh.

I took the alley that leads past the Grand Mosque and went down the steps. The fronds of the palm trees lining the avenue d'Espagne were waving wildly and the sea roared white along the sands, the noise of it mingled with the wind, so that the whole front was one continuous murmur of sound. I pitied the poor devil I was waiting for and turned into José's Bar.

After all these years the place smelt the same—a combination of coffee, garlic, sour wine and bad sanitation. José was standing behind the bar counter. He looked fatter, greasier, more shifty, and his black hair was grizzled now.

"*Muy bueno, señor.*" And then he stared. "Señor Latham!" His face lit up with a smile, his brown teeth showing in a grin that cracked the grey stubble. He wiped his hand on his apron and extended it to me across the counter.

"It is good to see you, señor. It is a long time—five, six years; I do not remember. Time goes so quick."

"You've a good memory, José," I said.

"*Si, si.* A good memory is necessary in my

I jerked round. "Come quick, m'soor!" Youssef shouted. "The boat is finish. Is to be a tragedy." The girl sprang up, open-mouthed and shaken

For a moment he hesitated. Then, another wave tore at the little boat. He jumped

business." He turned and reached for a bottle. "It is a Fundador, *si*?"

"No, José. A coffee, that's all."

"Ah, no, no, no." He shook his head. "I do not forget what you drink, and this is with me." He poured two glasses. "*Salud!*"

"*Salud!*" I raised my glass. It was like old times. It seemed a long, long time ago.

"A terrible night, señor."

"Terrible." I glanced at my watch. It was nearly six. "How's business, José?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "The season, she is finish now." He meant the smuggling season. Not for nothing was José's called the Smugglers' Bar. It used to be the haunt of half the riff-raff of the port; probably was still. But the Mediterranean in December is no place for small boats.

I turned and glanced round the café. At a table near the door, a girl sat alone, toying with a half-empty glass. There was nobody else in the bar.

"Who's the girl?" I asked José. It was unusual for a girl to sit drinking alone in a place like José's.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I never see her before, señor. I think she is new in Tangier."

I turned and glanced at her again. She had a small, pinched, rather serious face with a finely shaped nose and an attractive mouth. Her skin was pale, accentuating her dark hair, and she had a high, rather bony forehead. She sat with her head a little on one side, staring out of the window, her mouth slightly puckered.

SHE was apparently aware of my interest, for she glanced at me quickly out of the corners of her eyes. Then she looked down at her fingers, which were twined round the stem of her glass.

"She is not a *tangéroise*," José whispered across the bar.

"Of course not."

"She is *inglés*, perhaps?"

I shook my head. She didn't look English.

"You are married per'aps now, señor?" José suggested.

"No."

"You still in the business, then?"

"Smuggling?" I laughed. "No. I'm a missionary now."

He let out a great guffaw that came to me hot with the small of bad breath and garlic. "You a missionary! *Si, si.* I understand. An *inglés* joke, eh?"

He didn't understand. How should he when I didn't understand myself? It was just that a man changed as he got older, excitement palled —that kind of excitement anyway.

He was watching my face. "You are serious, señor?"

"Yes, José—quite serious."

He mumbled an apology and crossed himself quickly, his fat face sagging. "It is this place, señor. God is not here in Tangier."

I wanted to talk to him about that, but just then the door was thrust open and the bar was suddenly full of noise.

It was Big Harry and his crew. With them were the Galliani brothers, and Kostos, the Greek. I had known them all in the old days.

"*Muy bueno, José,*" Harry roared. "Set 'em up. Drinks for everybody. And make it snappy. We're wet and tired and damn thirsty."

BIG HARRY was a huge rock of a man, dressed in a reefer jacket with a peaked cap that looked several sizes too small for him crammed on to his cannon-ball of a head.

He saw me and grinned and came staggering through the whole bunch of them like a tramp ploughing a litter of bum boats. "Well, Philip! Good God! Long time no see, eh? What you do for a living these days?" The big hand gripped my shoulder. He still had a boyish look, even when liquored up—except for the eyes. "Watcher drinking, cocker?"

"Same as you," I said. "Fundador."

"*Ça va.* Make it eight, José. An' one fer yourself. We're celebrating."

"Good run?" I asked him.

"Sure we had a good run. We always have good runs. Wet, that's all. *Molto* bloody wet." He seized hold of the bottle on the counter and took a swig at it. "Only we ain't the only ones to get wet tonight," he said, grinning, and wiping his mouth. "There's a poor beggar out there . . . Gawd! You never saw such a sight. We picked him up against the beam of Malabata. All plain sail an' going like a train. Couldn't see the boat for spray. There are some crazy bastards! Single-handed and full sail!"

"What sort of a boat was she?"

"Ketch or yawl—couldn't be certain in the spotlight."

"About fifteen tons?"

"Yeah, about that. Why? You know the boat?"

"If it's the boat I'm expecting, there should be two men on board her."

"Well, this bloke was single-handed," Big Harry said. "Full main and mizzen set, Number One jib and stays'l—and single-handed! Crazy!"

Kostos thrust his long nose between us. He had a thin, acquisitive face and dark, restless eyes.

"How far away is he, this boat?"

"About five miles."

The Greek nodded. "Good. That will be the man. And you are right. He *is* alone. . . ."

Big Harry grinned. "A little pal of yours, Kostos?"

Kostos smiled and tapped the side of his nose. "Not a sparrow falls," he said.

Big Harry roared with laughter and clapped him on the back. Then he turned and rolled back along the bar to join his crew.

The Greek stared at me. He had grown sleeker and fatter with the years. His hands were manicured, his clothes well cut and he had an air of flashy opulence. "What do you want with Wade?" he asked me curiously.

"Wade?"

"The man who sails this boat into Tangier. What do you want with him?"

"That's my business."

He stared at me hard. The pupils of his eyes were the colour of sloes when the bloom has been rubbed off. An unpleasant silence stretched between us. "You have been away from here a long time, Captain Lat'am," he said. "Things have changed. I have an organization here now, several companies." He smiled. "Don't do nothing foolish."

He went back to his drink then and I wondered what his interest was in Gay Juliet and her skipper. I was wishing Dr. Kavan had chosen a more conventional method of travelling.

I seated myself at one of the tables, and glanced across at the girl. She still sat, staring out of the window. I couldn't see her eyes, but I knew that she was watching us all surreptitiously in the reflection.

She turned her head then and our eyes met. She seemed to be measuring me, trying to make up her mind about something.

Finally, she got slowly to her feet and walked across to my table. She kept her eyes on mine and said, "Do you mind, please, if I ask you something?"

"Go ahead."

She was nervous. "You talk about a boat with the big sailor over there." She nodded towards Big Harry. "When will it come, please?"

HARRY was leading his crew noisily out of the bar now. "The Gay Juliet?" I said. "Soon. Big Harry saw her five miles out. That was probably an hour ago, maybe more." The street door shut with a bang. "Do you know somebody on the boat?"

She shook her head uncertainly, as though bewildered by the question. She was very tensed-up.

"Sit down," I said, "and have a drink."

"It is kind of you. No." She turned quickly and her heels click-clacked across the wooden floor back to her table.

I called to José for coffee, and then I noticed, looking round, that Kostos hadn't left with Big Harry and his crowd. He was still standing at the bar, his long, thin nose dipping every now and then to the glass he held in his hand.

And so all three of us waited for the boat. It was gusting fifty or sixty knots at sea, and Big Harry had said the boat was being sailed single-handed. . . .

I felt the need for prayer, but I couldn't, for I was thinking of my plans, not of the man in the boat. I should never be able to get another doctor for my mission as I'd got Kavan. There

was something odd about the man, of course. There had to be for him to come a thousand miles to a remote hill village for next to no money.

He had written—"*I have the need to lose myself in work that is quite remote from everything that I have been striving for over many years. That part of my life is finished. Now I wish to make use of the art of healing I learned as a young man. It is better so and all I ask is that the work shall absorb me utterly. . . .*"

I was still wondering about him when the door opened and in burst Youssef, the Customs clerk I had hired to watch for the boat. "Come quick, m'soor!" he called, flapping urgently across to me, his hooked nose moist and blue with the wind. "Quick. Is finish, the boat. Is to be a tragedy." He caught hold of my arm. "Quick. I show you."

"Just a minute——" I began.

"You want to see, you come quick or no boat! The big sail is finish, boat—*pouff*!"

"Where? Where is it now?"

"Below the Kasbah, m'soor. Perhaps he obtain the Baie des Juifs. I do not know."

I followed him out of the café. The girl was standing, open-mouthed and shaken. "You'd better come, too," I suggested.

Outside, the wind and sea still roared along the beach, but the sky was clear now, a blue-black sky, studded with stars and dominated by the white orb of the moon which flung a glittering pathway across wind-white waters. Youssef clutched my arm and pointed. Beyond the roof of the Customs House, against the dark blur of the sea, a patch of white showed, a rag hung momentarily above the waves and then vanished in spray.

Once again it emerged, and, shielding my eyes from the wind, I saw vaguely the shape of a boat with heads'ls set and drawing. It was being swept down along the cliffs below the Kasbah.

"Oh, God!" the girl whispered, and when I looked at her I saw her eyes were closed and her lips were moving silently.

"Phone for a taxi," I said to Youssef. I took the girl's arm. "Come back inside till it gets here."

She remained where she was, resisting the pressure of my hand. I could feel her body shaking.

"Is it Dr. Kavan?" I asked hesitantly.

She nodded dumbly.

"You're not English?" I said.

"Czech," she said. "My mother was Irish."

It was an odd, incongruous qualification. And yet I knew hardly more about Kavan. Just that he was a Czech, thirty-eight years old, trained

Above the roar of the wind and the waves I heard the girl give a wild cry. Then I saw what was happening below. I started to run

I jerked open the door, and Kostos swung round to me. "You keep out of this, Latham," he said

as a doctor. The Mission authorities in London had not been involved. This was a purely personal arrangement and the only information I had on him was what he had given me in those two letters—the first applying for the post in answer to my advertisements, and the second informing me that he was sailing with a man called Wade in the fifteen-ton ketch Gay Juliet. I hadn't dared to ask questions, for his had been the only application I had received.

Youssef came back to us out of the bar. "The taxi is coming, m'soor."

When it arrived, we got in and I ordered the driver to take us to the pension de la Montagne. From the terrace there we should have a clear view right across Jews' Bay.

The girl sat very still as we drove up through the place de France and out along the route de la Montagne. She had her hands clasped tightly on her lap, and her face, in the flash of the street lamps, was set and tense. At a bend halfway up La Montagne, we turned off on to a track, and in a moment we were in bright moonlight with a clear view of the sea below.

We left the taxi, and the wind caught us, driving the breath back into our throats. The view was magnificent. On the dark slopes of the Marchan opposite, the lights of the villas shone like glow-worms, and beyond, the Kasbah sprawled over its hill like a bone-white cemetery. I shaded my eyes from the moon's glare and stared down along the line of the cliffs beyond to Marchan. All I could see was the white of the waves breaking. Then Youssef was pointing and I thought I saw the triangle of a sail.

The girl had seen it, too, and she gave a little moan. "Dear God, save him!"

Suddenly, I saw the boat quite clearly. It had emerged from the shadow of the Marchan and was out in the moonlight. It was edging along the coast, close in and half-smothered by the break of the waves. The wind was driving it straight into the bay.

"They'll beach her in the bay," I said. "Come on." I caught her arm and we ran back to the taxi.

As the taxi turned and started back down the hill, I pressed her arm, trying to bring comfort. "I am praying with you," I said.

"Prayer. . . ." Her teeth chattered a little. "Courage! What is Kavan to you?"

"He is my husband." She said it so quietly, so softly, that I scarcely caught the words, only the meaning. And then in a sudden rush she added, "We were engaged before the war. Christmas, 1938. And then in March the Germans came and, because he was a scientist, they forced him to go to Germany. We didn't see each other until after the war. Then he came back and we were married. We were married two years. Then the Russians came and he escaped to England. We only had those two years."

THE taxi careered on down the hill to where the man was fighting for his life. A police jeep was parked below. Beside it was a big American car, its chromium glinting in the moonlight. We got out of the taxi and ran past the jeep along the path. The pounding roar of the sea was hurled at us on the wind and soon a fine spray was drifting across our faces. Then we were out on a little bluff that was all coarse grass and sand, and there, straight ahead of us, was the yacht. The sails were gone and she was running straight for the shore.

A lone figure stood on the edge of the bluff. He turned as we came up. It was Kostos. His long face smiled at me. But he didn't say anything, only turned and stared out across the surging, foaming surf to where the boat was piling in.

She was surging straight in towards us. And then she struck. The tall mainmast quivered. She held there for a moment, and then the next wave

Continued on page 26

VIC OLIVER

Part 2: The maestro of mirth and music continues the witty story of his life of

GAY ADVENTURE

My happy Vienna explodes in revolution

LATE IN 1916 I was posted to the Austrian Second Army on the Russo-Polish frontier as a dispatch rider, and shortly afterwards, mainly because of the influence my father was able to exert, I was commissioned into a cavalry regiment. At that time the whole front was frozen up and we amused ourselves as best we could.

One evening I was playing Strauss waltzes in my regimental mess when I was suddenly aware of a hush among the officers who, until a moment ago, had been chatting, drinking and playing cards behind me. I turned round. By the door, with a couple of aides, stood the Divisional Commander, the Archduke Peter Ferdinand. The archduke was the younger brother of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo had touched off the war. In some confusion, I stood to attention.

His Highness waved me back. "Please don't stop," he said. "I love music."

For perhaps twenty minutes he listened as I ran through the "Blue Danube," "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and many other waltzes that had made Strauss the favourite composer of pleasure-loving Vienna. Then he turned to my commanding officer. "I want to see this young man immediately at headquarters." They exchanged salutes and he walked out.

Half an hour later, brushed, polished and wearing my best uniform, I was shown into the archduke's office. "Would you like a drink?" he asked as he helped me off with my coat. He was a middle-aged man, gentle and refined, but with the typically heavy features of the Habsburgs. "Tell me all about yourself," he said. "How is it you play so beautifully?"

I told him that my mother had been a ballerina at the Vienna State Opera House, that my father was a Moravian-born textile manufacturer who had settled in Vienna. I also told him of my life-long love of music and my interrupted education at Vienna University and the Vienna Conservatory of Music.

"I want you to come over to headquarters each evening," he said. "I'd like you to dine with us and play the piano for ten minutes afterwards. It will while away the boredom."

And so I became the protégé of the Archduke

The dashing lieutenant of 1917. Of these carefree days, Vic Oliver says: "We officers lived like feudal lords . . . with no thought for tomorrow while we had caviare and champagne today"

Peter Ferdinand. After a few nights I was invited to play the Central European card game of "Tarok" with him. Soon afterwards I was transferred from my own regiment and appointed personal adjutant to Prince Réné Bourbon of Parma, who was our chief of staff. At the same time, the archduke gave orders that I was not to be exposed to danger of any kind.

During the winter this hardly mattered, as the snow and ice made fighting impossible, but when the spring came and my friends started to be killed and wounded, I felt in a grossly false position. One day I could stand it no longer. "Would you, please, at least let me go out on reconnaissance?" I begged the archduke.

At first he refused—but I pressed my point. "Well," he concluded reluctantly, "I suppose you must do your duty as a soldier."

That afternoon, I went out on patrol with a small detachment of cavalry. Our job was to reconnoitre the Russian positions. We crossed a river in no-man's-land and cantered up a main road towards the Russian lines. Suddenly, a volley of shots rang out. The whole of my detachment galloped back to the Austrian lines, but I, being inexperienced, was left by myself on the Russian side of the river.

Rode To Safety Under Fire

For a moment I merely felt bewildered—but when the Russians started shooting at me bewilderment changed to fright. I spurred my horse down the road, splashed across the river and was soon safely back in our own lines.

The archduke was furious when he knew what had happened. Angrily, he rebuked my superior officer for endangering my life. "Don't you realize this young man is doing just as much for the war effort by playing the piano each night as by being shot and killed?" he demanded. For my momentary discomfort he awarded me the Silver Medal for Bravery.

That incident summed up the state of the Austrian aristocracy. We were a gay, pleasure-loving people with no thought for the morrow so long as we had champagne and caviare today. We officers lived like feudal lords and were even allowed to slap our men across the face. But we were lax. Fighting took second place to pleasure. Every day we had complaints of inefficiency from our German allies.

Rebelling against my rôle as headquarters pianist, I simulated a weakness in my left lung to get a posting to a sedentary job in Vienna. From there I hoped to transfer to a fighting front. The archduke had other ideas. "I shall insist on you returning as soon as you're better," he said. "We're not going to lose our pianist." Even as I left I felt I should not return.

Expensive, Riotous Living

A torrent of invitations to balls, parties and even court levees poured into my Vienna flat, and I realized that the archduke had asked all his friends to do what they could for me. My work was light and whenever I wanted a few days off I had only to ask for them. Father, of course, was delighted. I was not only a social success, but also a protégé of Royalty.

Unfortunately, it all went to my head. Good looking, vain and pleasure loving, I was exposed to temptations I could not possibly resist. I had my own carriage and delighted to be seen with extravagantly dressed women of obvious beauty but doubtful reputations.

When I found that I was living beyond my means I took to gambling in small, private flats where roulette, chemin-de-fer, baccarat and poker were played by invited "guests" of the proprietor. I lost consistently and found myself ever deeper in debt.

Shortly afterwards a friend tipped me that the card games in which I participated were crooked. This was very hard for me to believe. As a man of honour I had worried fearfully about paying my gambling debts, and on one occasion had even contemplated suicide. But on reviewing my past experience, it seemed that I had lost far more frequently than pure chance would have suggested. On my next visit I determined to find out for certain.

I was in the middle of my first hand of poker when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I was expecting this. I turned momentarily to refuse the offer of a drink and turned sharply back just in time to see the dealer slipping three cards from a pack under the table.

"You're cheating," I accused melodramatically. "And you've been cheating for months."

The dealer shrugged. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I shall expose you," I said self-righteously.

The dealer found this funny. "And admit you've been frequenting a low place like this? Not very good for a young army officer." He was right, of course.

"But I shall tell all my friends."

The dealer shook his head. "You *could* do," he admitted. "But it would do neither of us any good." He looked at me appraisingly. "How would you like to join us and take a cut of the profit? You would be a good draw with your family connections." This I refused.

The dealer smiled sympathetically. "I'd like to make some compensation," he said. "I have a horse. Would you like to buy it cheap?" He named a price which even I knew to be a bargain.

We clinched the deal, and a few days later the horse was delivered. As soon as I saw it I knew there was something strange about it. It kept bumping into things, and reared when I touched it. A vet spotted the trouble at once. "That horse is blind," he said. Looking back, I could weep at my youthful innocence.

In 1917 I met a girl called Elizabeth Thalhammer. She was a professional model, exquisitely beautiful, with long golden hair and a magnificent figure. For a time we went to balls and parties together and my friends accepted her as just another flame. But I grew to love Elizabeth and we became unofficially engaged to be married.

Father was angry when he heard about it. Elizabeth came from a family that was respectable, but certainly not aristocratic. "You may as well break it off now," he said. "I shall never give my consent." As I was only nineteen and Austrian law required parents' consent for a marriage between partners under the age of twenty-one, this was a serious obstacle.

Nevertheless, I persisted in going out with Elizabeth and reaffirmed my promise to marry her as soon as I was able. My relations with Father got steadily worse, and even my sister Lily refused to see me. Meanwhile, I was still running up debts by extravagant living.

Business Deal—And Marriage

My next project for making money required capital, and as it was a straightforward business proposition I decided to approach Father. For £5,000 the owner of a large racing-stud near Vienna was willing to sell his whole property, comprising 120 acres of land, a number of brood mares—individually worth £5,000—and two dozen foals. He feared we would lose the war. "We can race the better foals next year," I told Father, "and sell the rest as racehorses two years later. We shall get £2,000 each for them."

Father agreed. "I'll advance you the money," he said, "if you'll cut me in."

"There's one difficulty," I said. In Austrian law minors were forbidden to enter into a contract, but their fathers, by a simple legal procedure, were able to declare them majors. They then had full legal rights. "Will you make me a major?" I asked.

Father agreed and the contract was signed. Since the Central Powers were defeated sooner than we anticipated, we lost our money. But there was an interesting sequel. A month later I told him that I was going to marry Elizabeth.

"You're under twenty-one," he said. "I shall

Vic's sister, Lily, in the grounds of their luxurious country house before the 1914 war. She stayed in Austria during the revolution which followed. Today, she lives in the United States

never give my permission." Now, however, I held the ace of trumps.

"You declared me a major, Father. I can marry whenever I like," I reminded him.

Father was nonplussed. He refused to withdraw his objections, but he knew that they no longer had legal sanction. A few weeks later, Elizabeth and I were married. It was a dreary affair. My own family and most of my aristocratic friends boycotted the wedding.

Afterwards, we returned to a small flat we had taken and entered on a somewhat lonely married life.

A few weeks later, I walked into my office and found on my desk a posting to the Russian front. I seized the telephone.

"Isn't there some mistake?" I demanded of the postings office. "Don't you know I've just got married and want to stay in Vienna?"

"There's no mistake," they said.

"Ring up the palace and find out if the archduke knows about this," I fumed, and hung up. That night, I told Elizabeth about the dreadful mistake. "It will be cancelled tomorrow," I said.

"My Life Of Privilege Ends"

Next morning, the posting order was back on my desk, this time with a note appended: "Your transport leaves at 6 a.m. tomorrow."

Again I rang the postings office. "Didn't you get on to the palace?" I shouted. "Didn't the archduke object?"

"Your posting stands," came the reply.

My house of cards had collapsed. The life of privilege into which I had been whirled by the favour of the archduke was gone for ever. Henceforth I was a mere regimental officer. My plebian marriage had offended the class instincts of my family and friends. Ostracism was the inevitable penalty.

My career on the Russian front lasted only a few months. After being twice wounded, once in the leg and once in the thigh, I was awarded the equivalent of the Military Cross and evacuated to a sanatorium a few miles from Vienna. For the first two weeks, I was not allowed outside the grounds, but Elizabeth visited me almost every day. After a few weeks' convalescence, I was posted to the Training Ministry as adjutant to the colonel in charge of the call-up section.

Rout Of The Austrian Army

In 1918, the war went badly for Austria. One morning in September, we were paraded in the courtyard outside the ministry to hear the commanding officer read the latest war news. The Italians had broken our front at Vittorio Veneto and our armies were in complete rout.

Once his armies had been defeated, the power of the emperor was broken. Within weeks the whole crazy Chinese puzzle of an empire disintegrated. The Czechs and Slovaks proclaimed the Czechoslovak republic, the Poles rose to join the newly formed Polish republic, the Italians rejoined Italy, the Croats and Slovenes united with the Serbs to form Yugoslavia, and Bela Kun's revolution in Hungary broke for ever Austria's domination over that country. Our population was reduced almost overnight from 22,000,000 to 6,000,000.

On October 21, 1918, the German members of the former Austrian Parliament proclaimed German Austria an independent state. On November 12, the emperor abdicated. As we had no orders to the contrary we continued calling up people as best we could. One day, a Socialist official came to make us swear allegiance to the new republic. Having already sworn allegiance to the Crown, we couldn't do this. We agreed, however, not to work against the republic.

Soon, all order broke down. The palaces of the emperor and archduke were stoned. Effigies of the royal family were borne in derision through the streets by the mob.

It was now too dangerous for me to ride in

Continued on page 36

Threatened by the revolution and ruined by inflation: twenty-one year old Vic in Rouen after leaving Vienna. In his expensive suit, he tried manual work for the first time—and collapsed

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The illustrations in this advertisement are selected from the 41 dog breeds which are pictured in colour in Spratt's "Guide to Dog Management" (88 pp.), 1/6d from Spratt's Stockists or 1/8d post free from Dept. J.B.C

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 41-47 BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.3

Preparing the panel for television's word-puzzle parlour game, *Down You Go*. Wurmser may spend days deep in thought over a new animation

Two of Alfred Wurmser's assistants, Geraldine Stanton and Desmond Green, operate here his counting mechanism for *The Name's The Same*

Alfred Wurmser animates TV—with paper and pins

by JOHN HARMAN

A surgical operation . . . a storm at sea . . . a sunrise over Stonehenge. With his models, he can bring almost anything to the TV screen. And usually even the experts are fooled

WHEN THE FEVER of the last General Election was nearing its height, Alfred Wurmser, a cheerful seventeen-stone artist and engineer from Vienna, walked into a London toyshop and asked for 1,200 table-tennis balls.

Later, in his workshop, he painted about five hundred of them black and a further five hundred grey, leaving the remainder white. On election day he took them to the B.B.C. Lime Grove television studios. As results poured in, Wurmser gave viewers a minute-by-minute picture of the contest. Using the table-tennis balls to represent candidates, he dropped them into a glass-fronted box fitted with slots representing the parties.

Ingenuity, coupled with engineering skill and a knack for inventing optical illusions, have established Wurmser as television's animator-in-chief. Recently he made the credit captions of a parlour game appear to ripple across a panel of electric lamps. After this device was first seen on the screen, stars taking part in the show crowded round him and demanded to know how he had done it. "There was no electrical apparatus," he explained. "I simply attached a paper strip of captions to a wood mangle and unrolled them behind some netting."

Forty-two years old, with stubby fingers, fleshy cheeks and a golliwog haircut, Wurmser has a casual manner and a quick, inventive brain. His working models, diagrams, charts and graphs—known to B.B.C. staff as "Wurmseries"—have been used to illustrate such varied subjects as surgical operations, Budget changes, nuclear fission and sunrise over Stonehenge.

"Animations save time, and can explain visually points which it is almost impossible to put into words," he says. An eye specialist once admitted readily that one of Wurmser's contraptions, which illustrated long and short sight, crystallized in thirty seconds what had taken hours to describe in lectures.

Wurmser maintains that his inventions owe as much to careful planning and hard work as to sudden inspiration. "Sometimes he spends a couple of days deep in thought, and then works for thirty-six hours without a break," says a friend. Untidy by nature—he has said that his autobiography, if ever written, will be entitled *Forty Years' Muddle*—Wurmser is reluctant to throw anything away. As a precaution against loss, he invariably buys three times as many model-making materials as he needs. His basement workshop near the Lime Grove studios in West London is stacked with cardboard, plywood, paints, pot-mending discs, safety pins and other inventors' necessities.

He divides his four and a half years in free-lance animation into distinct periods, according

Desmond Green and Geraldine Stanton prepare a new animation—called a Wurmserie at the B.B.C.

to his preference for certain materials. He has passed through the glue, washer, nail and pin stages, and is currently preoccupied with gummed paper.

Once he has created a model, Wurmser likes to go to the studios and manipulate it himself. He takes his cues through headphones, and watches the progress of the show on a monitor screen. Recently, while operating scoreboards in *The Name's The Same*—a parlour game in which a team has to find the names of challengers—his headphones went dead. "Alfred tried to follow the score by lip reading from the monitor set, but he soon got hopelessly lost," says scriptwriter Frank Muir, a member of the panel. "I have publicly teased him about it on every programme since."

Although no real emergency has yet arisen, Wurmser dreads that one of his animations may fail at a crucial moment. To guard against this he always takes into the studio a large hold-all crammed with tools and spare parts. When B.B.C. Television put on an Elizabethan programme one evening he had a model fire engine and a diagram of a privy on display, and the hold-all contained hammers, pincers, piano wire, rope, an ear syringe, rubber gloves and three water pistols.

Martinet Who Likes A Joke

To help with lettering, modelling, drawing and the construction of animated cartoons, Wurmser employs three full-time assistants, Geraldine Stanton, Skat Puggaard-Moller and Desmond Green, and a freelance model maker, Bob Early. Usually he selects three of them to accompany him backstage at the television theatre to operate the word puzzles which are a feature of the parlour game *Down You Go*.

A strict disciplinarian who is apt to flare into tempers at small mishaps, he drills his team with the efficiency of a gunnery instructor. Off duty he leads them in high-spirited pranks. Several times, before moving into his workshop, Wurmser visited the empty building in daylight. Followed by his staff, he climbed over the garden gate, peered through the letter-box and, although he had a door key in his pocket, forced an entry through a window.

Wurmser's eccentric sense of humour—once he took off his shoes in the street and walked along in his socks—found an outlet when he was commissioned by the B.B.C. to devise an imaginary machine for winning football pools. "The result was a fantastic affair, six feet high and bristling with gears, levers and flashing lights," says Bob Early. "Second-hand bathroom fittings were screwed on it for good measure."

Experts Wouldn't Believe It

According to Andrew Miller-Jones, a television producer, Wurmser is the first person to tackle the problem of presenting animated diagrams in "live" form on TV. "He gets effects which would take the film industry hours of trick photography to achieve," says Miller-Jones. In fact, Wurmser's animations are often mistaken for film. Experts in anatomy who saw his illustration of a cyclist's leg muscles in action refused to believe that they were watching an assembly of cardboard and pins.

Preparing animations for technical programmes frequently brings Wurmser into conference with eminent scientists. He can talk with most of them on nearly equal terms—a talent that stems from his habit of reading encyclopaedias in bed as a relaxation. A few weeks ago, at short notice, he amazed astronomers at Greenwich Observatory by producing a perfect working model of the four main moons which revolve round Jupiter.

The son of an Austrian industrialist, Alfred Gaston Wurmser showed an early talent for mechanics. "At the age of four he kept a box of tools under his bed," recalls his elder brother Peter. "He used to take clocks and barometers to pieces. At night, he sent himself to sleep by rocking his head violently from side to side like a pendulum."

When he left school jobs were scarce. He joined the book-keeping staff of a transport firm and dealt with the employees' income tax assessments. The tax laws in Austria were unusually complicated, and each assessment needed several hours' calculation. One day he evolved a decimal figure which, when multiplied with any employee's salary, immediately resulted in the tax liability.

"I was marched into the boss's office and introduced as a mathematical wizard," he says. "But although my method was proved to be sound, it was thought to be an attempt to put my colleagues out of work. The firm continued with its traditional way of calculating."

Wurmser left Vienna in 1938 and was one of the Austrians brought to London by a real-life Scarlet Pimpernel—a British business man who was determined to cheat the Nazis by evacuating some of the best brains on the Continent before war broke out. Wurmser arrived in Britain with only a few shillings but soon became works manager of an electric lamp factory.

When war came, it brought an experience which he remembers as his greatest setback. Police knocked at his door at five o'clock one morning and, with several hundred other aliens, he was put on board a liner at Southampton. "By the time it was discovered that I had been rounded up in error, the boat had docked in Australia."

Has A Chip On His Shoulder

In 1941 he returned to Britain and joined the army as a private in the Pioneer Corps. Anxiety to outshine those around him—"it's a chip which I always carry on my shoulder," he admits—compelled him to apply for a commission. "He surprised the board of examiners by passing the intelligence test with full marks," says a friend. He became a major, and later the Foreign Office chose him to act as a librarian and interpreter at the War Crimes trials.

It was at Nuremberg that Wurmser gained his introduction to television. A Christmas card which he had designed and printed himself attracted the notice of Pearl Binder, a writer and artist whose husband was officiating at the trials. "I was looking for someone to animate drawings," she says, "and I invited him to work on *The Jones Family*, a children's serial."

The job suited Wurmser. "It was the first chance he had to combine his talents as an artist and an engineer," says his brother. From children's programmes he graduated to *World Survey* and other documentaries. When Miller-Jones was producing a medical series called *Matters of Life and Death*, and wanted to illustrate the lining of a T.B.-infected lung actually breathing, Wurmser promptly suggested toy balloons. Eight of these were mounted on a sheet of grey cardboard, hidden tubes connected their mouths to football bladders, which were half-inflated—and when the bladders were squeezed, the balloons "breathed" in and out. Impressed, one of the doctors in the studio insisted on borrowing it for his students.

Described by a friend as "a sentimental Viennese who is anxious to be liked," Wurmser is noted at the B.B.C. for his friendly nature. When he feels particularly happy, he often expresses his elation by playing practical jokes. After one programme on which Wurmser had worked, Miller-Jones found on leaving for home that his briefcase had been stuffed with heavy weights. Frequently Wurmser signs his assistants' pay cheques with fictitious names. Luckily, the banks tolerate his humour.

In Trouble With A Shipwreck

His appearance in an immaculate dress suit at last year's *TV Christmas Party* surprised many of the Lime Grove staff. They usually see him in loose baggy trousers and a sweater, though he says that a boiler suit would be his most suitable costume in the studio. Once, for a shipwreck scene in *The Tempest*, he had to crouch behind some rocks and push a model galleon mounted on a trolley. When he was told at rehearsal that the trolley could be seen by the cameras, he shortened the legs by several inches and shuffled along on his knees.

"It was still visible, so I shortened the legs again—and again after that," he says. "At the actual transmission I had to crawl across the floor on my elbows." THE END

Lightning flashed, and the giant roller spluttered smoke and fire as it careered downhill. Miss Lorton chose her moment, then jumped for her life

NIGHT OF THE STORM

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

Steamrollers don't just vanish—and who'd want to steal one? If Miss Lorton hadn't worn that hat, I'd never have guessed the answer

YOU CAN SAY what you like about our Miss Lorton—and some of the dalesfolk have plenty to say—but she has the courage of her convictions. Without it, she would never have dared to act as she did on Styhause Pass.

Until recently a rough track ran over Styhause, winding up thirteen hundred feet to the summit, and snaking down the other side to link us with Rowandale. It was all right for driving sheep, but no car ever made could have tackled it. There were stretches where ribs of rock stuck up like sharp fins.

Then the authorities decided to make a road. Miss Lorton was horrified.

"It will ruin Iredale!" she told me, her fat face redder than ever, and her kindly eyes flashing behind their thick spectacles.

"Oh, it won't be as bad as that."

"Won't it? You see! Until now, the fact that a car couldn't be driven right through the dale and out over the pass has been its salvation. Once they have a through route. . . ." She raised her chubby hands in shocked protest. "Vandals! Beasts! We must band together and do something."

We did nothing, feeling that a road would bring no harm to the dale, and save mileage and petrol.

So Miss Lorton, the only off-comer in the village, a southerner by birth and speech, fought it single-handed. She canvassed, she rampaged, she wrote to societies and officials galore; and got nowhere.

Lorries began to rumble up the dale, carrying workmen and picks and shovels and granite chippings.

Several times Miss Lorton plugged up that steep gradient to inform them they were destroying beauty. It didn't have a lot of effect. And then the steamroller arrived. . . .

A few mornings after it turned up, I had gone out gathering for clipping, helped by Eb Todd of Lingarth. It was a spell of flaming weather, and we had left early, before seven, to

Continued on page 35

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

RAMPS DOWN! *Murdoch C. McDougall ends his Commando saga*

We capture a town – street by street

This looked like being our toughest job yet, and we couldn't help feeling gloomy. Only one thing seemed certain; many men would die

WE FOUGHT A LITTLE WAR on our own, in the months that followed D-Day. Not for us the drama of Patton's spectacular dash across France with his American armour. Nor had we a part in the action at Falaise, burial place of an entire German army that was encircled by tanks and shot to pieces from the air.

When the Allied front burst into action, thus ending our weeks of patrolling a line across the River Orne with the 6th Airborne, we lagged many miles behind the main advance. But we had to fight for almost every inch, and fight hard.

When we called a halt on August 26 we looked back on eighty-three days and nights of continuous action, eighty-three days without any kind of relief. And at the end of it all our casualties were more than one hundred per cent of our total original strength. As fast as replacements arrived they were struck down. In "F" troop, out of the original sixty-three, there were ten men left.

Early in September we were sent home and given two weeks' leave, but a fortnight later, when we were reforming in the south of England, we were ordered back to France and then to Belgium. There, in a little seaside resort called den Haan, we moved into billets and began training.

As I looked round the troop on our first parade in our new surroundings, every second face seemed to be new. Training would have to be by sub-sections, so that the new members would grow accustomed to working with the others. We were lucky in having so many of our wounded back again, and these, along with the redoubtable McVeigh, now a sergeant, Percy Toombs, ex-Grenadier and one of the original members, Taff Edwards as C.S.M., and others of the same calibre, would form the backbone of the new troop.

Our Objective Is Named

The war by this time had pushed on well into Belgium and, indeed, as far as the German frontiers on the other fronts. The enemy were holding out in pockets around the estuary of the Scheldt, and still controlled the greater part of Holland. After the failure at Arnhem, where success would almost certainly have shortened the war by months, there seemed every prospect of a long and dreary winter campaign.

About the third week of October the first inkling of our new task reached us. It seemed that we were to make a direct assault on some heavily defended area, as yet unnamed. All troop leaders were warned to prepare for possible street fighting.

During the last week of October, the C.O. announced our objective—Flushing, the port on the island of Walcheren. The Germans had spent four years in fortifying the place, but the R.A.F. had breached the main sea dikes of the island in two places, one just outside Flushing, one at the other side of the island. The main part of the island was now under water, although only the outskirts of Flushing itself was affected.

Flushing is in two parts—the old dock area and the new, rather more residential area. These are separated by a neck of land about four hundred yards wide, upon which are two main connecting road junctions. If, therefore, the Commando could land, push straight through

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A stealthy slithering sound . . . then a bayonet point appeared. He held his breath, his own rifle poised, as the German shuffled closer

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED BANBERRY

Len Coulson with his wife. He commanded the author's troop in Normandy and at Walcheren

Troops advance through the battered streets of Flushing. The attackers had a unique advantage in this operation. Within minutes of being called, rocket-firing planes would be helping them

the old part of the town to seize these two road junctions, hold them and clear the old part of the enemy, the follow-up troops would have a ready-made route into the new town.

The difficulty lay in getting ashore. The sea wall seemed in itself a complete obstacle to any seaborne assault, and every possible landing area was heavily defended. That evening our thoughts were rather gloomy. We knew from experience that things seldom turn out as bad as they look, but the odds were in this case so much in favour of the defenders that it seemed inevitable we would have many casualties. Our only chance would be to land in darkness and try to rush the first obstacles.

Over a glass of singularly unpleasant Belgian beer, Len Coulson, our troop commander, and I talked of anything but the coming action. We were both depressed. "The trouble with this Commando business," said Len, "is that you get to know the blokes too well."

"I know," I said, "and it gets worse the longer you go on." We thought of the friends we had already lost. Len thrust his glass away. "Filthy stuff," he said. "Let's try the cognac." We did.

Next day we were allocated troop tasks. Everything hinged on the first landing. If it succeeded there was a reasonable chance that the whole Commando could be striking inland before the garrison, which would be under a colossal bombardment, had realized the strength of the assault.

Harbour Badly Battered

On the last day of October we moved up to Breskens, which was to be our jumping-off point. It had been battered unmercifully in the recent fighting and scarcely resembled a town at all. In the little harbour, which had been hit particularly hard, lay the landing craft, and that afternoon we carried out a practice embarkation under cover of a smoke screen against the prying eyes which might be watching from Flushing, clearly visible across the water. Unfortunately, this screen lifted at the wrong moment and, as we marched away, the harbour had another dose of fairly heavy shellfire.

Before turning in that night, I went round the troop just as a batch of mail caught up with us. The first letters I gave out were for Guardsman Toombs, wishing him many happy returns of the day—reminding him that his birthday was November 1, the day of the assault. As always, I was amazed at the apparent composure of the troop. They might have been on an exercise for all the excitement they showed. I was glad the new men had settled down so well.

A Nightcap—Cold Soup

Back in the shell of the house which was our billet we tried to make ourselves comfortable for an hour or two. We all had the usual taut feeling, and most of us were a little depressed. And enemy shelling of the area immediately behind Breskens didn't help. Only the sight of Bill Boucher-Myers, the second-in-command, who was suffering from acute indigestion and sat morosely eating aspirins, helped to cheer us up, and we turned to our tins of self-heating soup in the hope that a warm drink would induce sleep. Mine was the only tin whose self-heating apparatus refused to function, and I found the cold, thick liquid quite revolting. Determinedly, we huddled in our blankets on the floor, and after a time fell into an uneasy sleep.

Roused at a quarter to three in the morning, we groped into our equipment. The first news was that the bombing had been cancelled, owing to bad flying conditions. Our fervent cursing of the R.A.F. put us all in a better frame of mind, and we marched down to the harbour.

At twenty to five the leading craft, with Denny Newcastle and his section, slipped out of the harbour. Theirs was the unenviable task of finding a landing place and establishing a foothold. Five minutes after their departure, as the remaining craft were just clearing the harbour, the barrage started. The din was immense. Soon we could see fires breaking out in the town across the water. We cruised around in the river, listening to the screaming of the shells overhead, feeling all the while the drizzling rain falling like mist. Now Newcastle's party was working its way inshore towards a mole which, jutting out from the sea wall, seemed the likeliest place for a landing.

Inside the landing craft, quietly chugging in a wide circle, we kept our eyes turned anxiously towards the darkness of the shoreline. McVeigh stirred beside me. "Wonder how they're getting on," he said. His black-streaked face looked curiously shapeless in the glow from the shore; only the gleam of his black eyes could not be camouflaged. Restlessly he shifted round in his seat. His gaze fell on a sailor. "Why don't you matloes ever clean these things out?" he growled. "There's oil all over the place."

Just where the wooden pier joined the mole proper the landing party touched down. They scrambled ashore, slipped and stumbled on the wet stone work of the dike and groped their way forward as far as the line of stakes on the side of the mole. The explosions in the town were deafening; there was no need to speak in whispers—at times the men could barely hear a word of command. Looking upwards to the town they could see against the flames the outline of a mill, its gaunt arms raised despairingly.

The leading man forced two of the stakes a little way apart and slipped through. Behind him came one who had a roll of white tape attached to his belt. The tape unrolled as he moved forward, marking for those following a track known to be safe. Purposefully, the little group moved up towards the pillboxes on the mole.

Out in the river we saw the light winking towards us from the darkness. We stopped our circling and made for the shore.

Felt Like Aunt Sally

When we were still about three hundred yards offshore some 20-mm. cannon opened up on the left. The red streaks of tracer swooshed and cracked a few feet over the craft. We felt like Aunt Sally at the fair, with our heads sticking up above the sides of the landing craft as we peered at the outline of the landing ground drawing nearer. Machine-guns joined in, but they, too, were firing high. An L.C.A. is invisible from the shore at night, the only sign of its presence being the white of the water where the blunt bows thrust forward. The gunners on shore were doubtless aiming about normal deck level, hoping to hit the sailors handling the craft, but as we were low in the water the streams of fire passed overhead.

In the last stages of the run-in the fire was fairly heavy, those on shore having by now realized that our barrage had indeed lifted, and that we were on our way in. They finally

Continued on page 25

I crouched back, numbed with fear. The young man came on, with the girl limp in his arms. I had not seen death before, but I knew that she was dead

I, THE WITNESS

by ***PHYLLIS BENTLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

What I had seen that day seemed too awful to tell. Yet how could I stand by and see my sister married to a murderer?

THAT YEAR, I was seven, a thin, pale, large-eyed, restless, precociously bookish boy. The day it happened I was walking in the country with my father and mother, when I ran ahead and lost myself. I had been very seriously ill in the spring of that year with lung trouble. My life was only saved by my mother's unsparing devotion, and when I at last began to recover, the doctor threatened my father with the necessity of wintering me abroad each year.

To a schoolmaster with a large family—there were five of us, of whom I was much the youngest—such a suggestion was financially ruinous. The situation was saved by a long visit to a clerical friend of my father's, Mr. Barkstone, whose vicarage at Upper Green lay high among the hills, away from the smoke of our manufacturing town of Hudley.

On my return the doctor pronounced my lungs completely cleared, but advised as much country air as possible in future. Accordingly I was often packed off to Upper Green for a few days, and my parents sometimes came up for the weekend and we walked home together back to Hudley early on Monday morning.

So I knew—or thought I knew—all the lanes which wound down the hillside from Upper Green to the valley, and up the hill the other side, to Hudley.

When I first ran ahead my father called out to me to wait for them at the main road in the valley; I promised and ran on round the turn in the lane. Presently a stile to the left promised a short cut through the fields; I swung myself through it, smiling gleefully. My parents, discussing family problems, thought no more about me till they reached the valley road and found no small, tousled son awaiting them.

MEANWHILE, I found myself in the kind of landscape I particularly loved—a steep, rocky lane, which soon became the merest path, buried waist-high in bracken.

On my right, bracken and rocks and purple heather rolled up towards the skyline; on my left, bracken and rocks pitched steeply down to a hidden clough, whence came the sound of falling water.

All round my horizon, similar hills rose out of each other in intricate succession. The wind blew strongly, clouds rolled swiftly across the sky, tracing vast shadows on the high shoulders of the hills. I chanted aloud, first in joy at the wild, lonely scene, later perhaps a little to keep up my courage because it was so very lonely.

There was no house in sight, no sheep, no dog, no cow; nothing to show any signs of human occupation or activity save the rough black stone wall which edged the lower side of my lane. Certainly I had never seen this lane before, I reflected. But as it steadily descended, it must, I thought, reach the valley road at last. I splashed into a concealed brook which crossed my path beneath the bracken, my ankle caught between the stones, and my boot—we wore laced

Kitty took me forward, and said: "This is my little brother, Mr. Cecil." I couldn't stop myself trembling. This was the man

black boots in those days—was almost wrenched off as I strove to free it.

Suddenly I was frightened; I thought of snakes coiled beneath the bracken, of roots tripping me up to lie helplessly entangled for ever in the tough, interlacing stalks. I sobbed. I ran. Then all at once I came out of the deep bracken into a rough field, with a wall and a stile and a road beyond. I slowed my pace and assumed an air of dignity and calm, and swung myself nonchalantly through the opening to the road.

BUT it was not the valley road. It was not a road I had ever seen before. It was a narrow, sloping road. The worst nightmare of childhood had overtaken me: I was lost, lost!

I gazed wildly round, my chest heaving with panic. Then, trying to command my sobbing breath, I took a few timid steps along the road in the downward direction. At once, the tip of a small steeple loomed above the wall. In a gush of relief, I ran towards it.

Yes, there was a church, a little, old graveyard and a large, solid house which was clearly the vicarage, all clinging to the slope above the stream. Across the stream, the lane—for it was little more—wound upwards to the village. From the graveyard came quiet human sounds; I hoisted myself up by the wall so that I could see what was going on. A tall, young man in shirt sleeves was wielding a spade. He was digging in a grave.

Churches and graveyards were familiar, unfrightening objects to me. What I saw as I clung to the wall would ordinarily have appeared a sweet, secluded scene: a charming, remote village dappled by sunlight, with a kindly sexton in the foreground who would show me my way. Ordinarily I should have run up to the young man boldly, with the happy confidence of a much loved child. But because I had been frightened on the lonely path, the scene I saw now seemed somehow macabre and sinister.

It was lonely, too; not a sound or a stir from the village, not a sound or a stir anywhere save the young man digging in the grave and the water pouring quietly along in the hidden clough below. I say *in* the grave, because it was an old grave with an old headstone, green with age; the young man was deep inside it. I saw only his head, shoulders and arms as he shovelled out the dank, heavy earth.

Now he laid down his spade, and placing his hands on the side of the grave, with a powerful spring levered himself to the surface.

AND then I saw his face. It was terrible. White, with dark eyes burning. He crossed the graveyard and went out by a small gate towards the vicarage. Halfway across the sloping garden he turned back and wedged the gate open with a nearby stone. Then he climbed the steps and disappeared into the house.

I walked round the graveyard wall, passed through the church gate and rounded the building to the left. Here, in the shelter of a buttress, I lingered, uncertain whether to approach the house or wait till he returned. The house door stood open, which seemed to indicate that he did not mean to remain within.

I was right. A slow, heavy step sounded from the vicarage hall and the young man appeared in the doorway. He descended the steps, crossed the garden to the little gate, and approached the angle where I awaited him. I did not move, but crouched against the wall numbed with fear, for in his arms the young man carried the body of a woman. She was wrapped in a dark woollen shawl such as mill girls then wore, and was young, with a full figure and a mass of red hair now tumbling from its coils.

At first I thought she was asleep or fainting, but as the man and his load passed by—so close that her long, dangling hair brushed the church wall and a hairpin which slipped out dropped at my feet—although I had not seen death before I knew that she was dead.

The young man stumbled between the old, mossy tombstones and made his way to the open grave. It seemed to me that he withdrew his arms from his burden in a movement of

disgust, and the body of the young woman fell heavily into the grave. Turning away, he picked up the spade.

Then I flew from the churchyard, rushed headlong down the lane. When I reached the bridge, the hills on my right seemed to open out suddenly, and there in the distance I saw the arrangement of mill chimneys which marked the valley road. A lane led off in that direction; I ran down it. I ran and ran.

Only when the hills had closed behind me and I could no longer see church or village in my terrified backward glances did I begin to cry. Once I had begun I could not stop, but wept in crescendo; it was a yelling, screaming, frenzied child which presently hurled itself into the valley road, to be caught up in my mother's warm, comforting arms.

I clung to her and would not be put down. Though I was slight in body from my illness, a seven-year-old is a substantial burden and the hill up to Hudley is a steep one. But it seemed that all along the busy road my parents' frantic searchings had put the passers-by on the alert; our plight was reported and a kindly manufacturer sent his neat trap and coachman to drive us home. Soon we were at our own door and my sister Kitty came running out to meet us, exclaiming in alarm at sight of my distorted face.

"My darling Johnnie! Are you hurt, my pet?"

I howled afresh, and Kitty threw her arms about me and kissed me and took me in her lap, while my mother, surrendering to emotion now she was safely home, sank down on the bench in our hall and burst into tears. My father, looking very tired, went off to school.

My mother bathed me clean of the bracken-dust and put me to bed, but it was Kitty who brought me hot milk and buns she had just taken from the oven, and sat beside me holding my hand until I fell asleep. It was my mother who, pulling my cuff over my grubby little hand, jerked out of my fingers the bronze hairpin, but she was too busy and harassed to notice; it was Kitty who found it on the floor when she came to bring me the milk.

"What's this, Johnnie?"

I shuddered but said nothing. What I had seen seemed too awful to be communicated. Kitty threw aside the pin, but when she turned to draw the blinds I stretched out a hand and retrieved it and hid it deep beneath my pillow. It was an ordinary sort of hairpin for those days; thick and long and jimped to hold the heavy Victorian tresses. My mother and Kitty, being dark, used black hairpins, but this was bronzed, and I knew too well whose hair it had held and where it had come into my keeping.

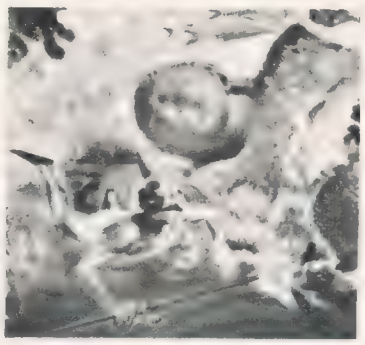
From my sleep of exhaustion I woke presently, screaming. My father, home from school, came and gazed down at me in perplexity and astonishment. The doctor was sent for and sedatives administered; I was allowed a nightlight as a concession, and kept in bed next day until the afternoon.

But as the shadows began to fall, I feared to be alone, and when Kitty came to bring me tea, I begged her to let me get up and join the family circle. She hesitated, for there were guests below, but in those days nobody was ever kinder or sweeter or more unselfish than my darling Kitty, so she yielded and brought me clean clothes to wear.

It was my best Sunday suit she brought—because, she said, parting my hair with tender care, there was a special visitor and she wanted me to look my best and make a good impression.

So we went downstairs hand in hand, laughing and happy, and entered my mother's shabby but still elegant green drawing-room, which seemed, as usual, full of people. My three brothers were all away, at school and university and sea, but Mr. and Mrs. Barkstone were there, and several others, relatives and friends, all

BARRACUDA WATER



by JOHN KRUSE

It was teeming with the murderous fish, but I had a job to do—the craziest job of my life

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

come to inquire after me, having heard of my escapade. They asked how I managed to lose myself coming from Upper Green and seemed really to wish for an answer, but Kitty dragged on my hand and took me across the room to the window-seat, and said:

"This is my little brother, Mr. Cecil."

A young man in clerical dress rose up with a kind smile and took my hand, and he was the young man of the graveyard.

He was tall and broad-shouldered, an athlete at Oxford as I later learned, with thick brown hair and brown eyes, an open but rather heavy and not very clever face, and a firm, friendly handshake. I was too young, of course, to realize what temptations might beset such a man living as curate-in-charge in a lonely village, but I felt at once that whatever he had done wrong he had not meant it, and I was sorry for him. But that did not mean that he could marry my darling sister, and I saw at once that he was desperately in love with Kitty.

At that time Kitty was not only, as I have said, the kindest and sweetest and most unselfish of sisters, she was also a beautiful young creature, sparkling and merry and very pretty. Her hair was dark and smooth, her eyes blue and put in, as we said then, with a smoky finger. Her cheek was like a damask rose, her waist slender, her figure quite delicious. We were poor and Kitty had little indeed to spend on herself, but her dress always looked neat and fresh and sweetly modest.

Naturally enough, she had what seemed a score of suitors, so that Kitty's young men had become a joke in the family. They were always in and out of the house, bringing gifts of flowers or fruit or game or music or tennis balls, according to their taste and ability, blushing awkwardly, very respectful to my father and mother and casting yearning looks at Kitty.

She was sweet with them all but had not given any of them special encouragement, until the last few weeks, when I had heard one of my brothers teasing her about her latest conquest, and Kitty replying with less than her usual care-free sparkle. . . .

It was a situation far too difficult for me, and of course I ought to have told my father all about it at once. But I was sorry for young Cecil and sorry for Kitty, I was overpowered by the awfulness of the affair and I was possessed by that irrational but invincible *fear of telling* which so often dominates children. Perhaps, too, there was some masculine jealousy in my feelings, some deep-rooted desire to defend my sister against the intruder.

Frowning and trembling, I stood silent, and my mother called me to her side and held me there with her arm about me.

When my vision cleared, Kitty and the curate were no longer in the room.

I slipped from my mother's grasp and went upstairs, and took out the bronze hairpin from beneath my pillow and brought it down and laid it on the table in the hall. This table was full, as usual, of textbooks and exercise books and letters mingled with hats and scarves and gloves, but I cleared all these away and left just the hairpin alone, with Cecil's beautiful black hat beside it.

I could hear cheerful laughter from the drawing-room, and a low sound of voices from my father's study where Kitty and Cecil were, I guessed, alone. Sure enough, I had hardly arranged hat and pin to my satisfaction and retreated to the staircase when the study door opened and out came the lovers. For such indeed they now clearly were; Cecil was pale and exalted, with staring eyes, Kitty softly blushing, radiant. They came along the hall together, hand in hand, and Cecil stopped by the table to pick up his hat.

He saw the hairpin. Starting, he gazed wildly round him. For a moment then he looked a murderer, looked as he had when carrying his unhappy victim to her grave. Then the mad light died from his eyes and he turned away and took Kitty in his arms. I did not wait to see their farewell kiss but fled out of sight. It seemed a century before at last the door closed behind him.

We never saw him again. Kitty watched restlessly for him the next day and the next. But soon my father came home grave and troubled, and told my mother of the scandal which was circulating about Milner Clough. The young curate had vanished—and with him, a mill-girl from the village.

Cecil was tracked to a northern port, and it was assumed that he and his mistress had fled together—though why, nobody ever quite guessed. He simply disappeared. I alone knew the terrible truth of his departure.

Kitty suffered; but less, I thought, than if the truth had been revealed. But as the weeks and months and years went by, I knew that I was wrong. No action of mine could have saved Cecil and Kitty from tragedy; when I entered their story, the tragedy had already occurred. But if I had told the truth, Kitty would have suffered in a nobler fashion. Cecil had murdered that poor girl to be free for Kitty, but Kitty believed that Cecil had gone straight from her to this other woman. She felt humiliated, deserted, scorned. Only I knew that in fact her love had been prized beyond the bounds of morality and reason. . . .

The effect on her was astonishing and terrible. She began to hate men, became irritable in speech, selfish and exacting in behaviour. When I really appreciated the havoc I had wrought and thought of telling her the truth, it was too late; what a preposterous story, after all! Everyone would have rebuked me severely for troubling my poor sister with such a farrago of nonsense.

Did Cecil really murder his mistress, or was there some accident, some sudden illness? We shall never know. But in any case, it is too late to do my darling Kitty any good.

One lesson life has certainly taught me; however painful truth may be at the time, in the long run it causes less suffering to tell than to conceal it. The cruellest lies, as Stevenson says, are often told in silence. THE END

This electrically detonated flash will herald an entrance in Bradford's Alhambra Theatre pantomime—if Bartle decides there's no fire risk

Station Officer Bartle plays safe with fire

by DON EVERITT

He fights the fires that never start—like the garage blaze caused by filling petrol cans near an open stove

LATE ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON, a Bradford woman telephoned the police to report that a strong smell of petrol was coming through the cellar walls of her house. Two policemen at once went to investigate, but they found no explanation. Back at police headquarters, the officer-in-charge called on the services of forty-eight year old Robert Cecil Bartle, the city's fire prevention officer.

By the time Bartle arrived at the house, neighbours were making similar complaints. The strength of the fumes was alarming. Bartle, a soft-spoken man, warned the housewives to throw open their doors and windows, and not to cause even a spark. Then he hurried to a nearby petrol filling station. A tanker stood outside. Inside, the fire prevention officer found the situation he had been half-expecting.

"Soon after the tanker had begun pumping petrol into the filling station's underground tank, the connection between the hose and the intake had come loose," he recalls. "More than two hundred gallons of petrol had poured into the brick-and-concrete chamber in which the tank rested. This chamber was old and cracked, and the sand originally packed between it and the tank had settled considerably. Although the sand had soaked up some of the petrol, a lot of it had escaped."

Petrol vapour hung everywhere. Bartle had to act at once. First, he asked the police to give a general house-to-house warning throughout the area, and called on the city engineer's department to examine the drains. Then, with a fire-fighting crew standing by, a team of firemen pumped water into the underground chamber. The petrol which was left in the chamber floated to the top, and was drawn off.

But there was still danger. The engineer's department inspectors reported that they were removing covers from drains which were giving off petrol fumes more than half a mile from the filling station. Throughout that night, the fire-fighting crew stood ready. Not until noon the next day did Bartle decide that the air was clear enough to make it safe to recall the men.

It rarely happens that Bartle, who is a station officer in the Bradford Fire Brigade, can prevent a fire or explosion by such spectacular methods. "The fire prevention officer fights not with water but with his brains before the fire breaks out," says a fire service official. "Unfortunately, he also has to fight human stupidity and carelessness, both of which are much more difficult to extinguish than any blaze."

In a Bradford scrap yard some time ago, a violent explosion injured the proprietor and his son, and started a small fire. Robert Bartle was amazed to find that, when dismantling an old vehicle, the proprietor had started to use an oxy-acetylene cutter on a fuel tank without ensuring that the tank held no petrol or vapour. When the man returned from hospital, Bartle warned him to clean fuel tanks very thoroughly in future before cutting them.

Twice since then, explosions have rocked the scrap yard: both of them occurred when the owner was cutting petrol tanks. So far, he has escaped further injury. "But some day," says Bartle, "he'll burn his place down and blow off his head."

Playing carelessly with fire and inflammable materials is a costly national weakness. In 1952, Britain and the Irish Republic suffered a record loss of £24 million in direct damage from fires, and probably an equal loss through the resulting loss of production and custom. Those same fires also killed more than six hundred people and injured thousands more.

Not until 1947 did it become the legal responsibility of every fire authority to set up a fire prevention department. Since then, these departments have struggled to check the rising loss from fire.

Forced Way Into Factory

At Bradford, a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants which is noted for the size and severity of its fires, the damage for the year ending last March totalled £345,000, a £70,000 rise on the previous year. Against this, Bartle's energetic two-man department has been pushing an extensive fire prevention campaign, particularly among the old, tinder-like wool warehouses.

The foundation of this campaign is an automatic alarm network. A few months ago, Bartle had a satisfying example of its efficiency. One day, the alarm in the brigade headquarters suddenly indicated "FIRE" in a clothing factory which was closed for the summer holiday.

Within three minutes, firemen were forcing their way into the building. An indicator just inside the main door should have pinpointed the fire immediately, but it had been disconnected

No fool he. He blesses the day he married an angel. She keeps his home, she studies his likes and (just occasionally) she spoils him. And when she brings him breakfast in bed, she brings him

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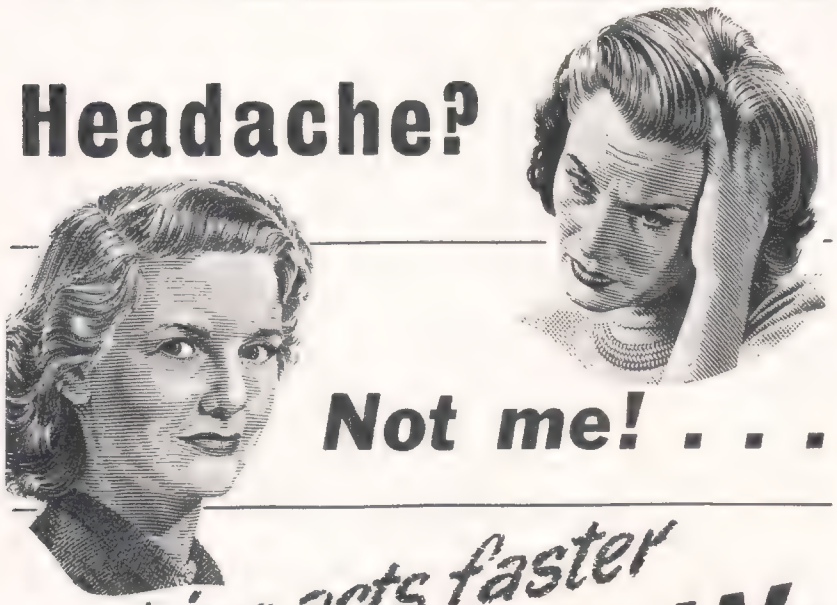

Not me! . . .

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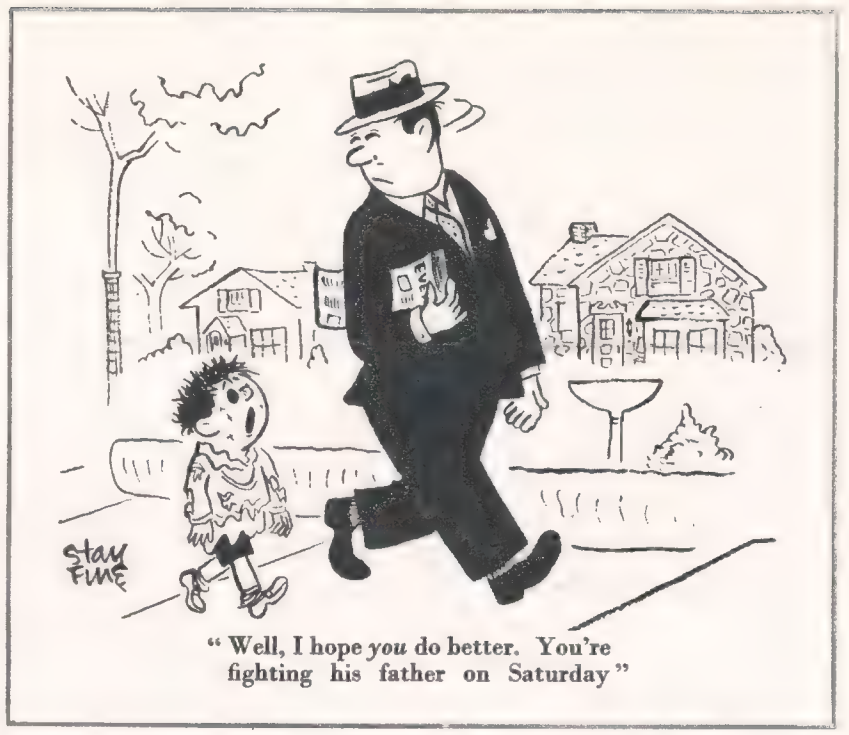

" Well, I hope *you* do better. You're fighting his father on Saturday "

accidentally before the holiday. The firemen spread out. Bartle led a group downstairs.

" We burst into the basement and found four astonished workmen staring at us. They had been repairing a gas-fired heating system, and were just testing it before replacing the metal covers. The heat from the gas jets had set off one of the electric fire detectors on the ceiling."

The routine work of the fire prevention department divides basically into inspections and investigations. Last year, Bartle and his assistant, Sub-Officer Jack Terry, made nearly 1,500 inspections at factories, warehouses, garages, cinemas, hospitals, schools and other premises. " Our calls range from a brief routine check to a three-day survey to advise on a building's overall fire hazards.

" I have to remember the firm's pocket. At one paint works I should ideally have told them to tear down the place and rebuild it. But they would have laughed: the cost would have crippled them. So I had to suggest ways of reducing the fire risk which I knew they could afford."

On every possible occasion, Bartle tries to persuade firms to install the automatic alarm, pointing out that no other precaution can overcome the human element. " Most big fires arise," he says, " because of a delay in reporting them. Once, a man admitted that he had seen a warehouse on fire an hour before someone else had the sense to dial 999."

Fire Roared Up "Flue"

Not every firm acts on the fire prevention officer's advice. One firm did install fire-fighting appliances, but baulked at putting wired glass in the windows in a well which ran down the middle of the building.

When a small fire started on one floor, it quickly broke through the unwired glass and roared up the well, which acted like a huge flue, and spread the fire to all five floors. Wired glass would have checked the flames till the brigade arrived.

" People are obsessed," says Robert Bartle, " with the idea that they are safe from fire and explosion simply because neither has happened to them before. Once, we found a garage owner pouring petrol into a can within six feet of an open stove.

" He said he'd always filled the can on the concrete slab surrounding the stove, because spilt petrol would have softened the tarmacadam on the rest of the garage floor. What's more, he said, he'd been doing the job on that spot twice a day for fifteen years. When we ordered him to stop the practice at once, he was quite indignant."

Over commercial garages such as this, Bartle has powers which enable him to make inspections by warrant at any reasonable hour. His department has similar delegated powers over other places storing petroleum spirit and mixtures, over premises stocking explosives and fireworks, and over theatres, cinemas and other public places of entertainment.

In all these buildings Bartle is responsible for the public safety generally. Theatres frequently have to seek his approval for potentially dangerous acts. Recently, he permitted a fire-eating act provided certain scenery was moved.

A tight-rope walker successfully sought his approval for a finale in which he walked, trailing a safety strap, along a wire stretched from the gallery to the stage. But Bartle rejected a local repertory company's application to light a gas oven on the stage.

Banned Al Read's Car

When the comedian Al Read played at Bradford some time ago, he wanted to drive a car in his act. With the brigade's transport officer, Bartle examined the car and found it unfit for the job. Among other things, the petrol feed arrangement was poor and the ignition leads were frayed and sparking. Read had all these faults repaired, and Bartle reversed his decision.

When a fire seriously damaged a school, Bartle found that it might have been confined to the main hall if ventilation ducts had not carried the flames rapidly from room to room and from floor to floor. Now the school is being rebuilt and, on Bartle's advice, each duct has a shutter. These shutters are held open by links which will break under any abnormal heat.

The cause of a major fire is often hard to find. Bartle's biggest job to date, a £250,000 wool and warehouse fire, is one of several in his experience which have left no clues and defied all attempts at solution.

Bartle has been preventing fires since 1942, but he joined the fire service five years before then. His association with Bradford Brigade headquarters in Nelson Street goes back even farther. He was born there. His father was a fireman who eventually became superintendent of the brigade, and Bartle grew up in the houses adjoining the station. When he left school, he swore he would never be a fireman.

Then, in 1937, when the Auxiliary Fire Service was formed, Bartle, senior, put down his son's name as a volunteer without asking his permission. Bartle's annoyance quickly waned. In 1942, he was made assistant fire prevention officer. Then, in 1949, after a three-month course in fire prevention at the Fire Service College, Dorking, he was made head of the department. Today, Bartle earns about £700 a year as a station officer, and has only one regret: that he did not take his father's advice and start his fire service career much earlier.

THE END

RAMPS DOWN!

Continued from page 19

succeeded in sinking two L.C.A.s a few yards from the shore and hitting some of the crew.

Scrambling on to the slimy stonework of the mole along with McVeigh, who was always glad to get out of any sort of boat, we saw the tape, followed it through the stakes and heard the cheerful voice of Lieutenant Harry Hargreaves, the navy signaller and demolition king, calling out as we all swarmed up the dike towards him: "Mind the light, chaps, mind the light. You can't beat the old firm, can you?" Harry had been with No. 4 at Lofoten and Dieppe.

It was now half past six, and the beachhead was established. Speed was now essential, as the initiative lay with us. We met no opposition as we hurried along in the half-light, although it was eerie to see dim figures flitting across the streets and not to know whether they were civilians or Germans.

As we ran on, threading our way through the dim streets, every man was probably going over in his mind the details of the route as we had all memorized it from the aerial photographs. In the lead was Peter Mercer-Wilson's old section under its new leader, Nick Barras, a tall, quiet-spoken policeman who had played football for Gateshead. He had come to us at a difficult time, just before the big advance through France had started, so it was not until the training for this Flushing operation that we had really got to know him.

We had decided that, in the first race to our goal, we would engage the enemy only if we had to. So when we came under machine-gun fire we took cover and made a detour.

Didn't See Sniper . . .

I glanced at my watch. Only ten minutes since we left the landing area. Nick's objective now lay to our left front, while mine, a line of barracks, was to the right. My section branched off without a pause, and as we passed, Nick raised his arm in a wave.

"Good luck, Mac," he said. I waved back as I ran past. Nick and his men forced an entry into their block of buildings and began to clear them, quickly working from room to room. Near the top was a spiral staircase. Nick and Sergeant Fraser were making their way up, covering each other's advance. Nearing the top, Fraser was in the lead and Nick was covering him from a bend in the stair. Nick was crouching below the level of a little window and didn't see the sniper in the house opposite. The range was not very great. Nick was killed instantly.

Meantime we were heading for the barracks on the sea front, with McVeigh, like a bristling terrier, in the lead. We dashed down an alleyway, at the foot of which we found a row of little houses. Beyond these was the back of what appeared to be a garage, quite close to the barracks. There was a hole in the back wall, which McVeigh quickly enlarged. One by one the leading group swung into the gap.

The other walls were wooden and flimsy, as was the door which hung ajar. The leading man reached the door and almost ran into a body of German soldiers beside the blank wall of a bunker. The Germans opened fire. I was just coming through the hole at the back, saw the disadvantage and roared, "Back out this way."

Then it was that Donkin, who at forty-one was the oldest member of the Commando, ex-miner, old soldier, the father of nine children, with a tenth on the way, jumped into the doorway and stood there framed, with both feet planted firm, stocky body balanced on slightly bandy legs, and methodically started to tommy-gun from left to right among the fifteen or so Germans he could see by the concrete bunker. He reached the right-hand end of his swing and was starting the return, when one man on the left, whom he had missed at the start, got in a quick shot. It took him straight through the throat, killing him at once. McVeigh, who was beside him with a rifle, made no mistake with a return shot, then doubled back through the now empty garage, through the gap in the wall, and out.

The tempo now became even quicker. The enemy knew exactly where we were, and if organized could bring fire down on us from the various vantage points among the buildings around us. We could not afford to lose the initiative. Between us and the barracks stood a number of sheds and outhouses. We scrambled up and, with Sergeant Miles in the lead, dashed across the rotten tiles of the shed roofs. Twice I went through the tiles on the way across, to stick sweating and struggling between the rafters before finally reaching the lane at the other side.

Doors Were Kicked In

From this lane we burst into the barracks at basement level, and while Sergeant Miles and his section held and explored the basement, McVeigh's men rushed upwards, clearing every room. I was with McVeigh. Each room was dealt with in the same way. As one man kicked the door in and leapt to the far side of the room, his partner stood obliquely across the passage and covered the doorway. Prisoners were sent to Sergeant Miles.

We paused on the third floor, as McVeigh wiped the sweat from his brow. "I don't like this place," he hissed.

"I don't think much of it either," I answered, "but we'd better finish it off, then we can get organized." McVeigh grunted and moved slowly down the passage, which curved sharply to the left. He pressed close to the left-hand wall as I covered his advance.

As he drew near to the bend, he paused. Then, with a prickling all up and down his spine, he heard something—a stealthy slithering sound from the passage-way beyond him. He stood for a moment petrified, the sound seemed so close. Then, before his gaze as he pressed against the wall, a bayonet point appeared. He held his breath. The bayonet inched forward as the German shuffled closer. McVeigh realized that for a right-handed man coming along the passage the other way the rifle would be next to the wall, and impossible to manoeuvre unless the man jumped out into the passage.

Silently he sank on one knee, his own rifle drawn back for the lunge. That would also give me a possible shot if the German did jump to the side. Inch by inch, more of the enemy bayonet appeared. For a moment it seemed to hesitate, and with a growl McVeigh smashed his own weapon upon the other, forced it away from the wall and sprang forward, firing as he lunged.

The shot reverberated in the enclosed space and, with our ears still ringing, we gazed down at the man on the floor. "I said I didn't like the bloody place," said McVeigh. "It gives me the creeps," and he drew his hand across his glistening brow.

Machine-gun Menace

We finished the remaining rooms and returned to Sergeant Miles, who had discovered a tunnel extending the whole length of the seafront. This tunnel had numerous openings on to the promenade, which was covered over its entire length by a machine-gun position on the right. As the front of the houses had been blocked, it was impossible for us to come out to the seaward side without presenting a sitting target to the machine-gunner.

It was also possible for any enemy to come along the seaward side without our knowing, slip in behind us and cut our small band off from the rest. That meant we would have to drop one man at each of the openings as we went along. This we did for some time, but it was a slow and wearing process. I grabbed the oldest and greyest of the prisoners and told him to go and tell his friends to surrender. After a certain amount of demur, he reluctantly agreed. McVeigh, who had been standing impatiently by, then broke in.

"What's going on, sir? What's he saying?"

"He says he's going to tell them to pack in."

"Good. I'll see he bloody well does."

And before anyone could say anything further, McVeigh had rammed his

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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

rifle into the man's back and was urging him along towards the doorway of the next house. They disappeared. Minutes dragged by. I began to get worried. They might quite well have hit McVeigh over the head in some dark corner, and the prisoner would then have been free to tell them that there were only about eight men outside. I wished we hadn't had to drop the others off at the tunnel entries.

Just as I was beginning to despair, McVeigh appeared again, some fifty yards farther along, and yelled "Here they come, sir!" and a line of shambling figures stumbled out of the houses. Seventy-five men lurched past, hands clasped on head, with a triumphant McVeigh bringing up the rear.

This brought us to within fifty yards of the end of the barracks, so when we next came under fire I got the eight men into a stable in the basement of the building. From the floor above there was a good field of fire for the Bren. We settled in and sent a message back to report on the situation.

Organized For Defence

It turned out that 5 Troop, who were supposed to be supporting us, had become involved in a battle of their own and were unable to come through. So we were ordered to consolidate our present position. Elsewhere the battle was apparently going just as well as it was in our case. All the first objectives had been reached on schedule, and although the fighting was sharp, we still had the advantage.

In our stable, we organized ourselves for defence. The Bren covered the rear of the barracks, but the other side was a problem. At the end of the barracks, still about fifty yards away, the machine-gun position was still active, and we were unable to get at it. Nor could we keep an effective watch on it, as we had no access to the front, except where shellfire had made holes in the outer wall of the houses. There was one such hole in our house, just at ground level. I discussed it with McVeigh.

"If we were in the machine-gun position and they were in here, what would you do?"

Black eyes looked up from under craggy brows. "I'd get someone along and shake them up with grenades."

"That's what they'll do, too." McVeigh nodded. "And the folk next door'll tell them where we are." Between us we worked out a plan.

The hole in the wall gave on to a fair-sized room, which had a door leading on to a little landing. This in turn had doors leading off to other rooms. The door on to the landing had a panel broken. We decided to leave the front room empty, shut the door, and have Sergeant Sutherland sitting on a chair on the landing with a tommy-gun, watching the hole in the outer wall through the panel of the landing door. Leaving him there, we then went off below, where we noisily set about placing bales of straw as a barricade.

Sitting silently above us, Sutherland kept his eyes fixed on the hole in the front wall. He did not have long to wait. A pair of jackboots slipped quickly past the hole, then after a moment came back. Another pause, while the German doubtless examined all that he could see of the empty room from a safe angle. Then, probably rejoicing at the stupidity of the attackers, he stooped and began to slide down into the room.

At this point, Sutherland thought the thing had gone far enough and let him have practically a whole tommy magazine, which slung him straight back through the hole. We rushed up from below, and McVeigh viewed the scene with satisfaction.

"Well done, haggis," he said. "He's quite handy there, too. If anyone else wants to get in, they'll have to shift him first. Just the job."

We returned below, where we found the others settling down to a brew. Toombs was sitting on a bale of straw phlegmatically cleaning his rifle. I stopped in front of him. "Happy birthday, Toombs?" I asked.

"Gor," he said, "I'd forgotten about that." He pondered a moment. Then he grinned. "The best bit was seeing you stuck in that roof."

As far as we were concerned, the rest of the day passed without much excitement, but in other parts of the town, particularly near the two road junctions, fighting was more or less continuous all day.

Next morning, the strongpoint beyond the end of our barracks still held out stubbornly. It was well-sited against ground attack. But we had in support the first aerial taxi service of the war—rocket-firing Typhoons—and within minutes of being called, they swooped down on the enemy position in a series of terrifying attacks. We lay back and watched. After a very short time, a white flag appeared, then three very shaken officers and fifty-four equally shaken men came out.

Away on the other flank, Jack Wilson with 2 Troop had cleared the whole of the far end of the town, which was a sort of peninsula of docks and harbour installations, so that the whole of the old part was now completely cleared.

Our task had been accomplished. We were withdrawn from our positions, rested a day, then set off round the rim of the island to mop up scattered groups of enemy. A few days later, at a little village called Vrouwenpolder, the last organized group, fourteen hundred strong, laid down their arms. The battle of Walcheren was over. THE END

The book version of "Ramps Down!" entitled "Swiftly They Struck," will be published on April 26 by Odhams Press Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MISS JONES had already made up her mind to buy a car when she found that a near neighbour had one to sell—at £550. After thinking the matter over carefully, she decided to offer him £500. She was charming, and very determined. Eventually a bargain was made at her price.

Miss Jones was obliged to seek finance to assist in the purchase, as her ready cash amounted only to £250. A hire-purchase company agreed to lend her the balance. She was to pay £25 down, and then £10 per month for twenty-seven months.

There were many clauses in the hire-purchase agreement. However, the most important were that: (1) If Miss Jones failed to pay any instalment on the day when it was due, the company could give her twenty-four hours' notice "to determine the agreement"; (2) the company could then (a) take over ownership of the car, and (b) claim from her every unpaid instalment.

Miss Jones was so pleased to have the little car that she soon forgot these fearsome clauses.

Yet £10 a month is a lot to pay for twenty-seven months, and after a while Miss Jones began to fall behind with her instalments. The hire-purchase company appeared approachable, and did not object too much.

Twenty months later, she had paid only nine instalments, without worrying unduly. Then the company pounced. After twenty-four hours' notice, Miss Jones's beloved car was taken away, and the company demanded the balance represented by the eighteen unpaid instalments.

"They can take me to court or do what they like, but I am not paying," she declared.

The company certainly took her to court. They produced the agreement and said that she knew perfectly well what was in it when she signed. Further, she had made little attempt to pay. Miss Jones, they said, was a debtor with an obvious intention not to meet her obligations, and was now trying to avoid the plain words of her own agreement.

Miss Jones denied that the company was in fairness entitled to her car *and* the instalments. She said that they would be receiving over double its value. This, she submitted, was a "penalty"—an unfair condition which the law will not enforce.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

THE STRANGE LAND

Continued from page 10

had piled in on top of her, jerking her forward, covering her with a seething cataract of foam like a half-submerged rock. And as the wave receded, a lone man fought his way for'ard to the bows. He wore a life jacket, and for a moment he stood there, his head turned, watching the next wave climb and curl above the stern.

I heard the girl give a cry that was as wild and forlorn as a sea bird's, and then the wave was breaking and the figure of the man plunged into the surf.

I ran down on to the sands then. The little group by the water's edge had a rope, but they were arguing and gesticulating. They weren't going to risk their necks in that sea. I stripped off my clothes and seized the end of the rope and tied it round my waist.

One of the gendarmes took the other end, and then I was wading out through the warmth of the water, letting the backwash carry me towards the dark head of the swimmer.

I called to him as my legs were swept from under me, and then I was swimming hard with the rope tugging at my belly.

The waves seemed huge in the moonlight. They piled in, one after the other, growing, white-capped mountains that rose up to impossible heights and then toppled and fell with the crushing weight of tons of water. Their surf piled over me, flinging me shorewards, filling mouth, ears, eyes and nose full of the burning, sand-laden salt of the water.

I prayed to God that they would keep a firm hold on the rope. The tug of a backwash got me, tossed me into the maw of a breaker, which toyed with me and spewed me up out of its creaming back, and there he was, lying like a log not twenty yards away to my left.

I caught him just as the next wave engulfed us. I got my fingers into his life jacket and kicked with all my strength. And as we broke surface, I felt the rope tighten round my body, biting into my flesh as they held the two of us against the back-surge. And then they were dragging us in, my lungs fighting for breath against the constriction of the rope and the tug of the man's waterlogged body.

After what seemed an age there came a wave that rolled us forward like logs before a wall of broken water, engulfed us and then subsided to leave my feet scrabbling desperately in a moving tide of sand.

After that there wasn't any danger, only the leaden weakness of my legs as I forced them to drag myself and my burden clear of the pull of the surf.

The men on shore dragged us to safety and then fingers unknotted the rope from around my waist and began to rub my body to restore the circulation.

Slowly the blood pumped energy back into my limbs and I pulled myself up into a sitting position. I saw the bay and the white surf in the moonlight and the lank hair lying across the man's bloodless face. He was short and thickset and he had a round head set close into broad, powerful shoulders. One arm was bent across his chest. He looked like a little bearded Napoleon.

And then everything was blurred and I retched, emptying myself of the sea water that was in my lungs and stomach. I was sweating suddenly and very cold.

The officials were all bending over the man I had pulled out of the sea. One of them had turned him over on his face and had begun to work on him, kneeling astride him and pressing rhythmically with the palms of his

FEEL the difference!

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1. *Ordinary Jam* (*formerly labelled "Full Fruit Standard"*).
2. *FRESH Fruit Jam.*

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1. It is NOT made from fresh fruit. It is made from fruit preserved in sulphur dioxide.
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Why do makers of ordinary jam add dye to their product? Because the sulphur dioxide bleaches the fruit's natural colour. The colour must then be restored with dye.

Incidentally, Ordinary Jam, as sold here, could never be exported to America ; U.S. pure food laws ban it.

Fresh Fruit Jam

These are the features of FRESH FRUIT JAM :

1. FRESH FRUIT JAM must, by law, be made from FRESH Fruit.
2. FRESH FRUIT JAMS contain *no* sulphur dioxide . . . *no* dye . . . and *no* chemically preserved fruit.
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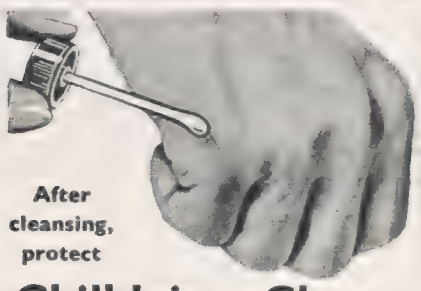

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hands against the man's shoulders, thrusting down with all his weight. Kostos hovered uncertainly in the background.

I pulled myself together dazedly, staring down at the stranger. His eyes opened and they were bloodshot and wild in the moonlight. He began to retch with a ghastly concentration, and a pool of water appeared where his mouth touched the sand, and trickled away under his body. He groaned, shook himself, and pulled himself to a sitting position, blinking his eyes, staring at us for a moment.

I bent over him. "Isn't there another man?" I asked him. He didn't seem to hear.

The sergeant stepped forward. "Your name, please, señor?" he asked in Spanish. The man didn't reply and the sergeant said, "Are you Señor Kavan? Señor Jan Kavan, a resident of Great Britain?"

Kostos pushed his way through the little circle of officials. "You are Mr. Wade, yes?" He gripped the man's arm, shaking him. "You do not bring anybody else with you, eh?"

The man shook his head dumbly.

"Good. I thought not. You are very fortunate man, Mr. Wade. One time I do not think you make it. But now, everything is all right, eh? I am Kostos."

The sergeant cleared his throat and addressed Kostos. "You know this man, Señor Kostos?"

"*Si, si.* He is Mr. Roland Wade—an Englishman. The yacht out there is called Gay Juliet. He has sailed it direct from England."

"Is that correct, señor?" the sergeant asked.

The man I had pulled out of the sea stared wildly round the group, half-nodded and pushed his hand wearily through his hair. "Please, I am cold. I must get some clothes. I'm very tired."

The sergeant was sympathetic, but he was also correct. "Have you anything by which to identify yourself, Señor Wade? Your passport? The certificate of registration of your boat? Entry into the International Zone of Tangier, you must understand, can only be permitted on production of the necessary passport."

"Can't you settle this in the morning, Sergeant?" I said. "The man is in no state to go through the immigration formalities now."

The sergeant hesitated, frowning, and then he shrugged. "The formalities will be dealt with in the morning, then. For the moment, señor, I permit you to land."

The man had got to his feet. I asked him, "Can you walk?"

He seemed to pull himself together. "I'm all right," he mumbled.

THE officials had broken away from us and were going down the beach to recover their rope. The man looked round him, and then he gave a sort of twitch. I followed his gaze. The girl was standing about ten yards away. She had her back to the moonlight and I couldn't see the expression on her face, but her hands were held slightly forward, her body, too, as though in entreaty.

For a moment, the man's eyes became suddenly alive and his mouth opened. Then, almost in slow motion, his knees buckled. I caught him as he fell. He was unconscious, out to the wide, and the police helped me to lay him down and work on him again.

I found my clothes and pulled them on. By the time I was dressed, the little party of officials, carrying the man I had rescued, was climbing the bluff.

Youssef was waiting for me at the foot of the bluff. We climbed through the wet sand and we caught up with the others just as they reached the cars. They had halted beside the jeep, the half-conscious man held up between them. He was shivering violently. I looked round for Kostos and the girl, but neither of them was there, so I suggested that he'd better come with me in the taxi. It would be warmer. The sergeant nodded. "You will take him to the hospital, señor?"

Apparently the poor devil understood Spanish, for he caught hold of my arm in a quick, urgent movement. "Not a hospital," he said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I just want some sleep, that's all." His eyes were imploring, like the eyes of a stray dog. And I heard myself tell the sergeant that I would take him to my hotel.

I saw the look of relief in the man's eyes and then he had closed them and his body sagged again. Youssef and I had to carry him to the taxi.

I had expected the girl to be sitting there, waiting for us. But she wasn't in the taxi and the driver had not seen her. "All right," I said. "Let's start. Hotel Malabata."

It seemed a long drive back into Tangier. The man I had pulled out of the water lay slumped in his corner and I sat and stared at him. By the few, stilted words he had spoken, I was almost positive he was Kavan. Where then was the other man, Wade? Or could this be Wade? He had been too shocked to supply any intelligible information.

OUR taxi stopped and we were at the Hotel Malabata. It was a small, cheap hotel occupying a part of one of those grey blocks of cracking concrete that cling to the escarpment above the avenue d'Espagne. I pushed open the taxi door and stumbled out. The police jeep had parked behind us, and they came and lifted the unconscious man out and carried him into the hotel.

The hotel was full, but the *patrone* agreed to let the man share my room and they carried him up the stairs and laid him on the stiff, horsehair couch at the foot of the bed.

"We will return in the morning, señor," the sergeant said. "For the formalities, you understand." The Customs officers nodded. "*Buenas noches, señor.*"

"*Buenas noches.*"

They were gone and the door shut behind them. I stood there, shivering and staring down at the man on the couch. His eyes were closed and his body trembled uncontrollably.

I sent Youssef for hot water bottles and began to strip off his sodden clothing. Below his oilskin jacket I found a waterproof bag hung by a line round his neck. It had the hard compactness of documents; the ship's papers, presumably, and the log. I tossed it on to the bed, making a mental note to have a look at it later.

I was struggling to pull off his blue seaman's jersey when his eyes flicked open. They were incredibly blue. For a moment his gaze was glazed and fixed; then his eyes quickened, his forehead creased in a puzzled frown. He pushed himself up on his elbow with a quick, violent movement and stared wildly round the room. "Who are you? What am I doing here?"

I started to explain and he nodded as though it were all coming back to him. "Have the police gone?"

"Yes."

"You were down on the beach, waiting for me, weren't you?"

"I was waiting for Kavan," I said.

He nodded. "Then you must be Philip Latham." He looked at me for a moment. "I am Kavan."

I said, rather shortly: "Some people are under the impression that your name is Wade. You did nothing to dispel it."

"Please!" He made a weary gesture. "When do we leave for your mission?"

"As soon as you're fit enough to travel."

"Good." He nodded and closed his

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge held that the agreement did, in fact, provide for a "penal" sum to be due to the company, far in excess of what the law would allow. Being a penalty the money could not therefore be recovered from Miss Jones, and she won the case. But the judge warned that the situation might conceivably have been otherwise if the market value of the car had dropped greatly. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"If he has a gun, don't stand in front of the china cabinet"

eyes. Then his eyelids flicked back and he was looking up at me again. "Is Kasbah Foum anywhere near your mission?" he asked.

"Kasbah Foum?" It was an Arab name, meaning "fort at the entrance." Probably it was somewhere down in the south, in the *kasbah* country beyond the High Atlas. "No," I replied. "Why?"

"I have to go there. It's important. I have to go to Kasbah Foum." He spoke in a whisper, his voice urgent. "Wade told me that the Caid's son. . . ." He stopped there and his eyes closed again.

That mention of Wade brought me back to the problems of the moment. "What happened to him?" I demanded. "What happened to Wade?"

He turned his head away. "Dead." He said it in a flat, toneless voice. He licked his lips. "He went over the guardrail into the sea."

He turned towards me again. "It was off Cape St. Vincent, at night. There had been a bad storm. . . . I was just coming on watch to relieve him. Then the jib sheet broke. The sail was flapping about and I had hold of the helm. Wade jumped out of the cockpit to get the sail down. He was tired, that was the trouble. He seemed to topple straight into the sea. That was the way it seemed. He just toppled straight over the guardrail."

He lay back, exhausted. "That's all," he said. "That's how it happened. There was nothing I could do. . . ." His voice trailed away.

Youssef came back then with four wine bottles filled with hot water. I got some underclothes from my suitcase, wrapped them round the bottles and slipped them into the bed. Then we got Kavan stripped and I washed his body with hot water, rubbing hard with a towel to restore the circulation. His back and buttocks were covered with salt water sores, little nodules of suppuration that bled when I rubbed them. Patches of white, scabrous skin flaked away and his feet and hands were soft and wrinkled with immersion.

"Is going to die?" Youssef asked.

"Of course not." I spoke sharply, conscious of the Arab's fascination at the white European body lying there naked and hurt and helpless.

We got him on to the bed and I piled the blankets on top of him; then I sent Youssef for a doctor I had known, a Frenchman who lived just across the boulevard Pasteur.

Then at last I was free to slip out of my own damp clothes. I put on a dressing gown and lit a cigarette. I sat on the bed, thinking of the girl and their meeting on the beach. Of course, they had recognized each other. But why had he made no sign? And why had he been so scared of the police?

I dragged myself to my feet and went over to the chair where my clothes lay. Both his letters were in my wallet—his original application and his note saying that he would be sailing with Wade on Gay Juliet.

Youssef returned just as I was getting out my wallet. The French doctor had moved. Nobody seemed to know where he now lived. Kavan's eyes were closed and he was breathing peacefully. It was sleep he needed more than a doctor.

I paid Youssef off with two hundred-peseta notes. Then I switched over to the bedside lamp and checked through the letters.

It was the one in which he had applied for the post of doctor to the mission that chiefly interested me. I knew it all, of course, but I was hoping that perhaps there was something I had missed, some little point that would now prove significant. I ran through it quickly. . . . He was a Czech refugee, aged thirty-eight, a scientist with medical training. He had personal reasons for wanting to leave England. There was nothing there that I had missed. . . .

I folded the letter and put it back in my wallet. I was desperately tired. I lay back and switched off the light, pulling the blankets up round me, thinking about it for a while. Then I yawned and closed my eyes and was instantly asleep.

Naturally enough, I forgot to draw the curtains. I awoke suddenly in alarm, as one does when woken abruptly. Moonlight was on my eyes. I got up, cursing, and crossed to the window to draw the curtains. Below, in the street, a movement caught my eyes. Somebody was standing in the shadow of a doorway on the opposite side of the street, standing quite still, staring up at the window. I could see the pale circle of a face, nothing more. And then the figure moved, walking quickly away, keeping to the shadows of the buildings. It was a European girl. Kavan's wife.

I watched her until she turned at the end of the street up towards the boulevard Pasteur.

"What is it? What are you doing?"

I swung away from the window. Kavan was awake. He had sat up silently in the bed.

I said quietly, "I've just seen your wife. She was out there, looking up at the hotel."

"My wife?"

"The girl who was on the beach."

He stared at me. "How do you know she is my wife?"

"She told me," I said.

He started to get out of bed then, but I stopped him. "She's gone now." And then I said, I don't know why, "You know, she loves you. Somehow she got out of Czechoslovakia and came here to meet you, and when you

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"Anything I can do?"

saw her you turned your back on her. Surely you could have——"

His eyes suddenly blazed at me. "For God's sake, stop it! What business is it of yours? How do I know they don't arrange for her to come here to Tangier? They may be watching her, trying to follow me. They are there in the background, always." The words tumbled wildly out of his mouth, and then he steadied himself and pushed his hands up over his face and through his hair. "I have not seen Karen for more than four years." His voice was gentle, but with a note of bitterness in it. "And then suddenly we meet. . . ."

He stared at me. "Do you think I like to have to turn my back on her?" He shrugged his shoulders angrily. "I have had too much of this—during the German occupation and after, when the Russians walk in. You don't understand. . . . God! If only I'd been born British."

THERE were tears of anger and frustration in his eyes and he lay back, exhausted. "Why did you leave England, then?" I asked.

"Please! Don't ask me any more questions. You want a doctor for your mission. All right, you have one. I am here. But don't ask me any questions. I don't want any questions." His voice shook with the violence of his feeling.

I stood for a moment staring at him. "All right. Let's forget it for now." And then, to ease the tension between us, I asked if he'd like some food.

"No. No, thank you. A little cognac. That's all."

I gave him a glass, and a cigarette, and I began to talk about Enfida, the village and the mission. I tried to give him an idea of what it was like, travelling every day from village to village, sometimes on foot, sometimes by mule, living in the Berber huts and sitting around at night, drinking mint tea and listening to their stories and the gossip of the village.

And then, suddenly, his hand fell limp at the edge of the bed and he was asleep. I lay down again myself, and drifted quietly off to sleep.

I awoke to a tap on the door and a shaft of sunlight cutting across my face. I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"*Entrez!*"

It was one of the hotel boys to say that the police and the *douane* had arrived.

"All right. Show them up."

I got out of bed and slipped on my dressing gown. Kavan was still fast asleep.

The door opened and they came in. It was the same sergeant, and he had with him one of the Customs officers.

"*Muy bueno,* señor."

"*Muy bueno.*"

I went over to the bed and shook Kavan gently. His eyelids flicked back almost immediately.

"What is it?" And then he saw the police and there was instant panic in his eyes. "What do they want? Why are they here?"

"It's all right," I said. "It's about the immigration details. They said they'd come this morning. . . ."

"Señor Wade." The sergeant came forward.

I opened my mouth but Kavan checked me, gripping hold of my arm. "Yes," he said.

"You are captain of the boat that is wrecked last night in the Baie des Juifs?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the boat, please?"

"Gay Juliet."

The sergeant wrote it down. "And you are from where?"

"Falmouth."

"And your name is Señor Roland Wade?"

"Yes."

"Just a moment," I said, speaking to Kavan in English. "This is absurd, you know. You can't go on trying to pretend you're Wade."

"Please!" His face was chalk white. He gazed up into my eyes. "Let me do this my own way. I will explain."

"I'm sorry," he said to the sergeant, reverting to Spanish.

"You sail here alone?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes."

The sergeant looked up from his notebook then and stared at Kavan. "Do you know a man called Dr. Jan Kavan?"

"Yes." Kavan's voice shook slightly.

"We were told that he was sailing with you."

"He—changed his mind."

"Have you any idea why?"

KAVAN shook his head. "He wouldn't tell me. He came on board the night before I was due to sail. I was leaving with the tide at 4 a.m. and when I woke him he said he had changed his mind and wanted to be put ashore."

The sergeant nodded and wrote it all down. "So you sailed alone, señor?"

Kavan nodded. Little beads of sweat had broken out on his forehead.

"That was very dangerous, surely, señor—to sail alone? It is a big ship for one man."

"I have sailed a great deal—often single-handed."

"*Bueno!*" The sergeant closed his notebook. "You have the papers for this boat?" he asked. "I would like to have them. Also we would like to have your passport, and if you have the record of the voyage. . . ."

He stopped then, for Kavan had suddenly closed his eyes. He leaned over

the side of the bed, clutching at me and retching violently. And then he keeled over, his body suddenly limp.

I got hold of him and pushed him back into the bed. "I'll bring the papers later," he whispered, and then he closed his eyes again and seemed to pass into unconsciousness.

I glanced at the sergeant. "I'll get a doctor," I said. "Can I bring the papers down to you later?"

The sergeant nodded. "*Bueno*. If you will take them to the office of the *douane* down by the harbour, señor, they will be stamped. There is no necessity for him to come himself. Also, there is this paper to be completed." He handed me the usual immigration form.

"Very well." I opened the door for them. "*Muy bueno.*"

"*Muy bueno, señor.*"

I closed the door and turned to Kavan. His eyes were open now. He held up his hands to stop me speaking for several minutes, until the sound of the car had gone. Then he breathed a sigh of relief and pulled himself up in the bed. "Now we'll fix Wade's passport. After that everything is straightforward. Will you telephone for a doctor, please?"

I said quietly, "Just a minute, Dr. Kavan. What have you done that you have to hide your own identity?"

"I haven't done anything."

"I don't believe you," I said sharply.

"I have done nothing," he repeated. "Absolutely nothing. Please, you must believe me. I give you my word."

"Then why pretend to be Wade?"

He pushed his hands through his hair, which was still dull and sticky with salt water. "No," he said. "Not yet. Maybe when I know you better—when we are out of Tangier." He lifted his head and stared at the window. "I must be Wade. I must continue to be Wade until I am safe inside French Morocco. . . ."

I SAT down on the bed and said quietly, as though speaking to a child: "But you won't get to French Morocco. Don't you understand that? You're not Wade's double, surely. There's the photograph—the description and his signature, too. You'd never get away with it."

"Nonsense," he said, his tone suddenly more confident. "Do you think I learned nothing during the war? I was six years working in the laboratories at Essen and passing information to the British. Besides, don't forget I have been shipwrecked."

He dragged himself to his feet, standing a little unsteadily. And then his voice was suddenly agitated again. "Where's that oilskin bag? I had a little oilskin bag tied round my neck. It had all the papers in it—everything."

"It's here somewhere," I said. I crossed over to the bed, wishing now that I'd had a look at it last night. "It's among the bedclothes. I threw it here last night."

He almost snatched it out of my hand as I held it out to him, and shook the contents on to the bed. Without looking up, he said: "Wade was about my build and colouring. He even had blue eyes. He was thinner and more wiry, that's all." He tossed the blue-covered British passport across to me. "I'll have to fix the photograph, of course."

The passport was slightly damp. I looked at the photograph, and then up at Kavan.

"That won't take long to fix," he said. "They're not to know that the passport was wrapped in oilskin. By the time they get it the pages will be damp and very dirty. The beard helps, too." He rasped his hand over his chin.

By the time the doctor arrived, Kavan was back in bed and the passport, now crumpled and dirty, was drying in the sun by the open window. He had completed the form which the police sergeant had left, the signature shaky, but not unlike what could be deciphered of Wade's signature on the passport.

The doctor was a young, thoroughly efficient Frenchman. He examined

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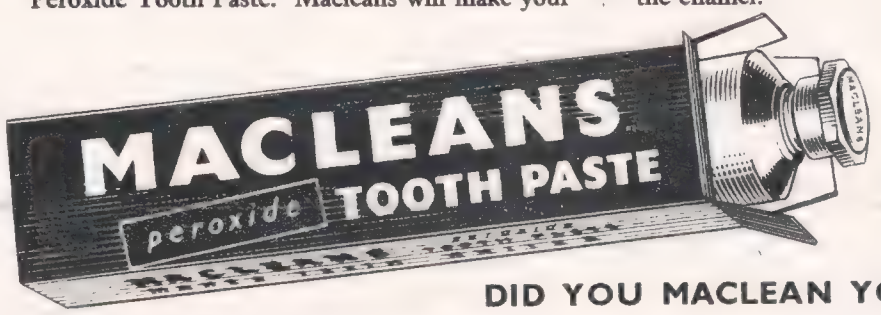

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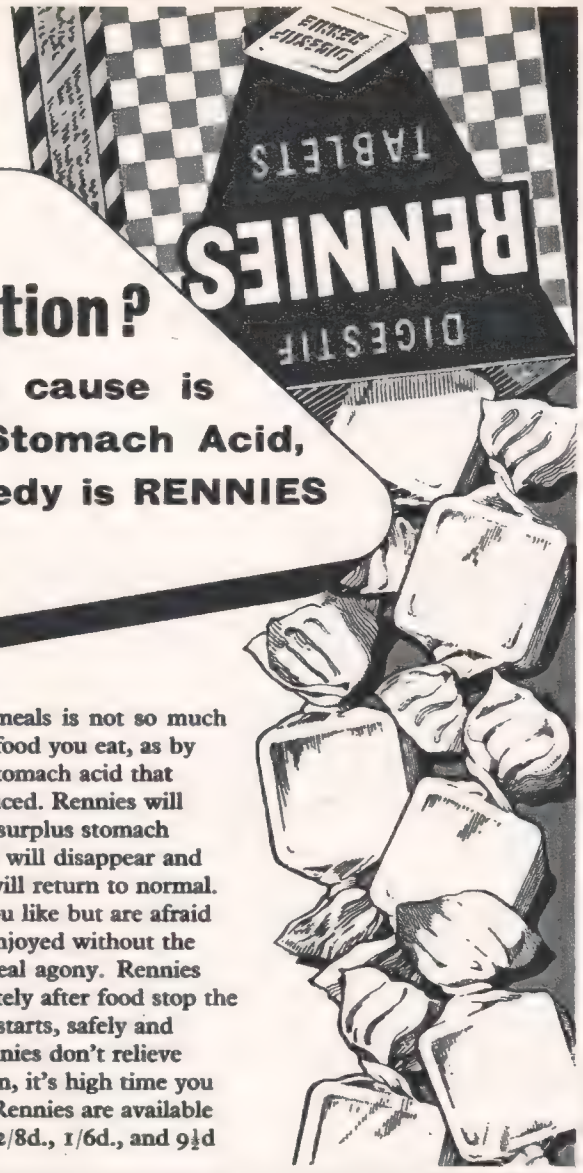

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Kavan carefully and, after questioning him about what had happened, wrote a prescription for a tonic and advised a diet of meat broth and steak for the next two or three days. He left with a little bow and a handshake, and I went to the Cypriot restaurant across the road and got Kavan a tray of food. It was the first hot food he had had for over sixty hours.

The passport was almost dry and I took it, together with the other papers, down to the Customs House. There was no difficulty. The sergeant was there and he only gave a cursory glance at the passport before stamping it. Officially Kavan was now Wade.

I imagined Kavan would be sleeping when I got back to the hotel, but instead there was the sound of somebody talking beyond the closed door of my room. I hesitated, and then I heard a voice I recognized say: "What you are running is no business of mine. I am interested only in the deeds of Kasbah Foum." It was Kostos.

Kavan made some reply that was inaudible, and then the Greek's voice cut in: "You are lying. I know that you visited Marcel Duprez's lawyers in Rouen. I know that——" He stopped abruptly as I pushed open the door, and swung round to me.

Kavan was sitting up in the bed, the blankets pulled tightly round him.

"Well, Kostos," I said. "What can we do for you?"

"Nothing. Nothing that is to do with you. You keep out of this, Lat'am." His eyes switched to Kavan. "Think it over, my friend." He began buttoning up his raincoat. "Ali is a fool. I tell him that when I know that in Cairo he arranged for you to act as the contact man. Your reputation is no damn' good. But doublecross me and you find yourself out on the Marchan with a knife in your back."

He put his hat on, pulling it down with a quick tug at the brim, and then turned to go.

As he passed me, he paused, tapping the side of his nose. "Not a sparrow falls. Remember, Lat'am. An' don't do nothing silly, eh?" He pushed past me and went out, slamming the door.

I turned to face Kavan. "What's all this about? What did Kostos want?"

"Some papers—a cargo. How do I know? Kostos is a part of Wade's world." He shrugged his shoulders. "Wade was a crook," he added.

"Then why on earth did you sail with him?"

"I told you before—because I am a Czech and a refugee and it's the only way I can get out of England."

"Are you sure Kostos didn't tell you what he wanted?" I asked him.

KAVAN looked at me uncertainly out of the corners of his eyes. "He wanted some documents. He said that I'd been employed by an Arab to get them. He meant, of course, that Wade had." He paused. "I told him I hadn't been able to get the documents, and he got angry and called me a liar."

He was keeping something back. Maybe I could shock the truth out of him. "Tell me one thing," I said. "Did you get possession of those deeds after Wade went overboard — or before?"

His eyes opened in surprise. "You think I killed Wade? My God! It happened just as I told you."

"It was the deeds I asked about. When did you get them out of him?"

"I didn't get them out of him." His voice was angry. "How could I? He never had them."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, for God's sake!" he shouted at me. "Leave it at that, will you. Wade didn't have them."

"All right," I said, getting to my feet. "But it's a pity you didn't bother to convince Kostos of that." I stubbed out my cigarette. "How do you feel?"

"Not too bad. A little tired still."

"Do you think you'll be fit enough to travel tonight? There's a train at nine thirty-five. We could be in Casablanca tomorrow morning in time to catch the day train to Marrakesh."

His eyes lit up.

There was a knock at the door. It was one of the hotel boys. The *patrone* had sent him up for Wade's passport.

"What does he want the passport for?" Kavan asked. I explained that it was the custom in Tangier for the hotelier to hold visitors' passports and he let the boy have it. "And bring the señor's clothes up, will you?" I said.

"*Si, si, señor.*"

When he had gone, Kavan began rummaging about in the oilskin bag.

"What have you got in there?"

"My own papers and visas. There's some money, too."

"How much?"

He glanced at me quickly. "Quite a lot."

Altogether there was over £400, mainly in English notes.

After he had counted them, he turned away. "You said you'd lived in Tangier. You know it well?"

"Well enough to want to get out of it," I answered.

"Can you find—Karen for me, then?" His back was to me. "I must let her know where I'm going."

"I don't know. I'll try." I got my hat. "Better lock the door behind me," I said, and left him and went down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight of the streets.

I WENT first to Cook's in the rue de Statut and was lucky enough to get two *wagon-lit* berths on the night train. Then I crossed the Zocco Grande, the big market, to the British bank in the Siaghines, the street of the money-changers, where I arranged for Kavan's money to be changed into Moroccan francs and transferred to the mission's account in Marrakesh. It was then past midday and I cut up a side street to a small Italian café, and had lunch.

I don't know when I first noticed the Arab sitting in the far corner, by the window. I hadn't seen him come in. There was something familiar about his face. I paid my bill and, as I walked out, our eyes met and I remembered that he had been in the bank when I had arranged for the transfer of Kavan's money. He had quick, intelligent eyes and a hard, aquiline face. It was just possible, of course, that it was a coincidence. I cut down a small side street, and then down another, off it, and slipped into a doorway and waited.

Almost immediately I heard the patter of slippers hurrying down to the intersection. It was the same Arab. I went straight up to him.

"Who told you to follow me?" I said softly.

He started to walk away, but I caught hold of his *djellaba*.

"Was it Señor Kostos?" Recognition of the name showed in his eyes. "All right," I said. "We're going back to the Hotel Malabata now."

He was close behind me as I entered the hotel. I went straight over to the reception desk where the *patrone* was sitting and asked for my bill and both our passports.

"You are leaving Tangier, señor?" He was a sallow-faced, oily little man with discoloured teeth. His interest made me suspicious.

"My bill," I said. "I'm in a hurry."

He shrugged his shoulders and made out the bill. I settled it and he gave me my passport with the change. "It

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Gadget genius who lightens the housewife's burden

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

is necessary for you to complete this paper, señor. It is for the police." He was smiling at me craftily.

When I had completed it, all but the address of my destination, I hesitated. Then I wrote in the pension de la Montagne, above Jews' Bay. In the old days there had been no telephone there.

I handed the form back to him. "I'd like my friend's passport, too," I said.

He shook his head. "I am sorry, señor. He must collect it himself and complete the paper for the police."

I nodded, and went up to the room. Kavan unlocked the door for me. He had had a wash and was dressed in his underclothes. "I'm glad you're up," I said. "Get dressed quickly. We're leaving at once." I explained how I had been followed.

He reacted instantly to the urgency. "Did you find Karen?"

"No. We can do that later when we've got rid of this Arab. Come on. Hurry."

Thank heaven, he looked a lot better. He didn't argue and when he'd got into his clothes, I sent him down to get his passport while I finished packing my case. "There's a form to fill in," I told him as he was going out. "For destination put the pension de la Montagne. It's out of town and it'll take them some time to check that we're not there."

When I went down to join him, I heard his voice raised in altercation with the *patrone*. Kavan caught sight of me and said, "This idiot says he gave you my passport."

The *patrone* nodded his head emphatically. "*Si, si*, señor. Did you not ask for both the passports—yours and that of the señor here?"

"You refused to give me his. You said he must collect it personally."

"No, no, señor. You are mistaken." He turned to the hotel boy standing by the desk. "Did I not give the señor both the passports?"

"*Si, si, si.*" The Arab nodded.

I said quietly, "Order me a taxi," and when the boy had gone off to do so, "If you haven't produced that passport by the time the taxi arrives," I told the *patrone*, "I'm going straight to the British Consul."

He shrugged his shoulders, and reiterated his statement that he'd already given it to me.

WHEN the taxi arrived, I turned to the *patrone*. "I'll give you one last chance to produce it." He raised his hands and called on the saints to witness the truth of what he was saying.

"All right," I said, and I got Kavan out to the taxi and bundled him in. The Arab who had followed me moved towards us from the opposite side of the street. "*Le Consulat Britannique*," I ordered the driver. "*Vite, vite!*"

Kavan caught hold of my arm as the taxi drove off. "It's no good," he cried. "I won't go to the Consulate. I can't go!"

He reached forward to the partition to tap on the glass, but I flung him back into his seat. I was suddenly furiously angry, fed up with the whole wretched business. "Why are you frightened of the Consul? What is it you've done?"

"Nothing. I've done nothing. Absolutely nothing." His voice was trembling. He seemed on the verge of tears. "I promise you. Please. Tell the driver to stop."

"But you've got to have that passport. You'll never get out without it. What the devil is it you're scared of?"

He stared at me, his white, frightened face outlined against the dark leather of the cab. "Try to understand," he said. "I may not explain it well, but try to understand this. I am a scientist and I am a Czech. If you take me to the Consulate, then I shall be sent back to England, and sooner or later they will get me."

"Who will get you?" I asked.

"Who? Who do you think? The Czech Communists."

"But for heaven's sake," I exclaimed. "You're a refugee. You've been given political asylum. You were perfectly safe in England. Are you trying to tell me that our people were going to send you back to Czechoslovakia?"

HE said quickly: "Of course not. Oh, God! I knew you wouldn't understand. The British refused to let me leave the country; my work was of great importance. That's why I had to come with Wade in a boat. It isn't the British I am afraid of. But if I go back there. . . . I have been getting letters from Czechoslovakia. They were going to arrest Karen and my father, unless, unless—well, you can guess."

"But your wife's here now," I said.

"I know, I know. But how do I know she is here of her own free will?" He caught hold of my arm, shaking it excitedly. "Please, please, try to understand. . . . You must help me. There must be some way out of Tangier. There must be."

The taxi was just turning into the rue d'Angleterre. I could see the arched entrance to the Consulate. "Maybe there is," I said and leaned forward and slid back the glass partition. "Drive down to the Zocco Grande," I told the driver. I couldn't very well do anything else. Half of his fears were probably imaginary, but they were real enough to him.

Kavan was suddenly crying. Tears of relief were welling out of his eyes. "Thank you," he breathed. "Thank you."

Poor devil! I leaned back in my seat, thinking hard. I'd saved Kavan and had taken more on my shoulders than I'd bargained for. I glanced at my watch. It was ten past three. Unless they had altered the flight schedules, we could still be at the airport in time to meet the Paris-Casablanca plane. I hesitated, wondering whether Vareau was still a clerk at the airport. Once, a long time back, I had got a man out that way. . . .

We changed taxis twice to get to the airport. It was not quite four when

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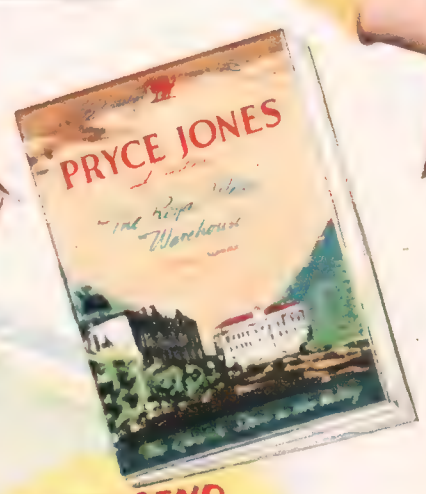

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we got there. The Paris flight had not yet landed. I told Kavan to wait in the taxi and slipped over the white-painted fence and round to the back of the airport buildings where the buffet was. I was in luck. Vareau was there.

"Monsieur Latham!" He came waddling over to me, a fat, slightly shabby man with a face like a bloodhound. "*Comment ça va, eh, eh?* You wish me to arrange a seat for you on the plane, yes?"

"Not for me," I said. "For a friend." And I drew him aside and explained the situation to him.

He shook his head. "You know, *mon ami*, I would do anything to help you. But it is too dangerous. The regulations are more strict now. . . ."

I pleaded, threatened and cajoled, and in the end he agreed to try, for twice the sum I originally offered him. We went through the details carefully.

I RETURNED to Kavan, and found him sitting exactly as I had left him, his body rigid, his face tense. "Now listen," I said. "This is the drill. As soon as the Paris plane is sighted, Vareau, the French clerk, will come for you. He'll take you to the lavatory and there you'll shave off that beard, so that your appearance coincides with the photograph on your papers. You'll stay there until Vareau collects you. By then the passengers who are going through to Casablanca will be congregated in the buffet. You will join them. . . . There will be a different air hostess and your name will be on the list of passengers travelling direct from Paris to Casablanca. Is all that clear?"

He nodded and I had him repeat the instructions word for word.

"When Vareau takes you to the lavatory, he will give you an immigration form to fill in. You will complete it in the lavatory and return it to him when he comes to collect you. Only one question on that form is not straightforward. Against *Where have you come from?* you will put 'Heathrow, London, via Paris.' For destination and purpose of visit, you state the truth—that you are going to work as a doctor in Morocco and that your address will be the English Mission at Enfida. Any questions about that?"

"No. No, I don't think so." He was frowning. "But you're coming with me on the plane?"

"No. I shall go by train. We'll meet in Casablanca."

He gripped my arm. "Why must you go by train? Come with me." He was like a child afraid of being left.

"I reserved two berths in the *wagon-lit*. It would look odd if neither of us turned up."

He nodded unhappily and then asked me where he should meet me in Casablanca.

"At the railway station," I said. "The train for Marrakesh leaves at 8.45 a.m. tomorrow. I should be in Casablanca at seven twenty."

"I shall be at the station in time to meet your train then."

The taxi driver, who had been standing talking to one of the baggage checkers, called out to us and pointed. The silver glint of wings showed above the hills behind us. I pulled open my case and handed Kavan my shaving things.

As we got out of the taxi, Vareau appeared round the corner of the airport building and signalled to us.

I gripped Kavan's hand. "Good luck!"

He licked his lips. "You'll contact Karen? You'll let her know where I am?"

"I'll get in touch with her somehow," I assured him. "Now hurry. Vareau's waiting."

I watched him climb the fence and disappear round the front of the building with the clerk and then I got back into the taxi and sat there, watching the airfield, while the Constellation landed and taxied over.

I was nervous and the minutes dragged by. After a while, I got out of the taxi and began pacing up and down. I kept glancing at my watch, but it seemed ages before the hands pointed to four forty-five. The aircrew strolled out to the plane. A mechanic was clambering along one wing. Then he jumped down and the aircrew disappeared inside the fuselage. It was ten to five. What were they waiting for? Had something happened? Were they interrogating Kavan now? I went to the rail, craning my head forward to see farther round the corner of the building.

And then the air hostess came out, the board with her list of passengers swinging in her hand. The passengers followed in a long, straggling line. I didn't recognize Kavan at first. He was near the end of the line, quite different without his beard. His face looked stronger, more positive.

The passengers were bunching up now, queueing at the foot of the steps into the fuselage. Gradually the little crowd thinned. Now Kavan was climbing the steps. I watched him disappear into the fuselage and then I turned and walked rather shakily back to the taxi.

Five minutes later the plane taxied out to the end of the runway. It stood there for a moment, revving its engines, and then it took off, the under-carriage retracting and the starboard wing dipping as it swung south and disappeared in the direction of Morocco.

To be continued next week

"Oh, good morning, Johnson. Did you have any luck in your uncle's will?"

NIGHT OF THE STORM

Continued from page 17

get the gather over before the heat of the day.

I had taken a pair of field-glasses, useful at this season, for in their summer spell on the fells the sheep jib at being brought down, and have a trick of trying to hide behind shoulders or clumps of bracken. Glancing casually in the direction of Styhause, I noticed a figure plodding slowly up the fell and keeping parallel with the track. It was Miss Lorton, and she was wearing, of all colours, a red hat. Maybe that was to match her complexion.

Why she should be out walking at this early hour beat me. And why she should have chosen the pass was another mystery. I could hardly imagine Miss Lorton carting her fourteen stone up that for pleasure.

The sweat and scrambling of a lengthy gather made me forget her. It must have been after ten when my ewes and their growing lambs were moving dalewards in a blaring line, the dogs patrolling the flanks. I took another glance towards Styhause. The dots about nine hundred feet up, scattered along a shallow tilt between two sharp rises, were men working on the road. A big, dark object moving to and fro was the steamroller. And some fifty yards off, tucked behind a boulder, was the red speck of Miss Lorton's hat. What on earth she might be doing there was anybody's guess.

I mentioned it to Eb. He shrugged and said: "Yon's daft."

I guessed the truth later, in bits. It was not for us to realize that she was spying, carefully studying the technique of handling a steamroller. She had designs on it.

We clipped about two hundred ewes that afternoon and evening. It was getting hotter and hotter and more breathless every hour. The sky began to smear in a leaden fashion, and the fells turned dark and yet sharp. Just as I was going to bed, there were far-distant rumbles and flickers of lightning. Likely we were in for a storm and a heavy downpour, and that meant waiting for the rest of the sheep to dry off in the morning before we could clip them. As I looked out of my bedroom window, the sombre sky turned pallid under a wavering flash. It lit up something else—Miss Lorton walking deedily and quietly up the dale road.

I was flabbergasted. At this time of night, and with a storm in the offing, there she was aiming for the head of the dale.

The rest of the story belongs to her. It came out in fragments when I taxed her the next day. She had made up her mind to strike a blow in aid of beauty, and at least to delay the building of the road. Her victim was going to be the steamroller. Darkness was essential. If anybody saw her, and the deed was pinned on her, cost of paying for the damage would mean ruin.

Scared, excited, but determined, she bustled on through the night. Every now and then the fells glared into blueish being, sinister, watchful, threatening. While she toiled up Styhause, damp beads trickled down her forehead and misted her glasses. The thunder was continuous though still distant.

SHE reached the steamroller. It had been parked sideways on to the slope, on a flat strip bordering the half-made road. There was a stack of coal dumped nearby. She got the fire going, and there followed the sick wait of an hour to raise enough steam. The lightning was more and more frequent. Every flash showed the empty wildness of the pass, the crags, glittering on high, and the gaping ravines of the Styhause Beck and the Ire on either side of her.

Near midnight, and near to praying, she stood perched in the steamroller, carrying out the actions she had watched earlier in the day. There was movement. Her heart nearly stopped beating. The roller was grating forward. She wrenched wildly at the wheel. One chain sagged, the other tautened, and the great roller turned in a slow curve, rumbling downhill.

For a few seconds the thrill of triumph flooded her. She might have been a modern Boadicea in a massive chariot. The triumph changed to a prickle of crisis. In another few seconds she had to steer left, towards the edge of the Styhause ravine, and then jump clear for her life.

She managed it somehow. Her feet touched the ground, and she sagged, and sat heavily on hard turf. With a screeching clangour the steamroller lurched over the edge. Thirty feet it crashed, among the granite walls, taking with it splintered rock and small, snapped trees.

The noise was appalling. She heard the hiss of steam and the splutter of the fire flooded by the beck. She picked herself up and started homewards. She was shaking, and her stomach fluttered. Yet she felt so noble, a terrific roar of thunder and the bursting of the storm over the top of the pass were as nothing to her. The rain, too, had a sort of roar. She was soaked to the skin in a matter of moments.

In the morning, Eb Todd called on me after breakfast. His farm lies between mine and Styhause. He jerked a thumb towards the pass and said: "Summat's happened up there. Reckon we might bike up and have a look while sheep is dryin' out."

I said: "All right. What is it?"

"I heard a cloudburst caused a lot of damage."

We got out our cycles, pedalled to the foot of the pass, left them there, and began to walk uphill. The half-made road was scored by runnels, to be expected after that torrential rain. But we were unprepared for the chaos we met higher up.

The road had gone, vanished. Between the Styhause Beck and the Ire Gorge a hugh gash had been torn, right across, and the foaming water poured through it, deep enough to drown a man. Great boulders were scattered around, uprooted trees, tufty sods, matted gobbets of heather.

Strangely enough, the lower reaches of the Styhause Beck were not particularly full. Then we saw the reason why. Just close to us the beck was dammed, its thirty-foot ravine choked to the top with masses of boulders and debris. The press of flood water coming down from above had been diverted, sweeping its way across to the gorge of the Ire.

We stared and stared, and then went over to the group of road workers who were peering into the gorge of the Ire.

"By gocks!" said Eb, "what a mess!"

One of the men nodded. "Ay, it is. Something queer about it, too."

"Queer? A cloudburst always leaves a mess like this."

"I know, I know. But it doesn't shift a steamroller."

"What!"

"Ay." The man nodded grimly. "The steamroller's gone."

Eb said rather stupidly: "Gone? Where?"

THE man took him by the arm, and pointed down towards the skirts of the Ire Gorge, where the overflow poured between drowned grasses and scattered, splintered rocks.

"If the flood moved that roller," he said, "that's where it should have been swept down. But there's nay sign o' the thing." He scratched his head. "It's a fair capper."

More dalesfolk were arriving to view the destruction. Among them was Miss Lorton. She seemed more fascinated by the dam in the Styhause Beck than anything else. It was then that I started to put two and two together. A steamroller sent headlong down there would jam in the ravine, and a cloudburst would pile up the stones on top of it until the water leapt the banks and found another way of escape.

I went over to her, glanced at the dam, and then looked her sternly in the eye. "Have you ever driven a steamroller, Miss Lorton?"

She turned redder than ever.

"What d'you think is under that pile of boulders, Miss Lorton? Do you think it could be a steamroller?"

Without thinking, she whispered in panic appeal: "Don't breathe a word, I beg you! Honestly, I never thought about damming the beck. It's an act of Providence!"

Providence, in my experience, often uses people like Miss Lorton. After a moment, I nodded. "Maybe so."

"And I'm glad of it," Miss Lorton hissed. "Very glad of it. Let them try and make a road now!" THE END

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

'I made the right decision!'

Says Squadron Sergeant Major Hillary, M.M.

Squadron Sergeant Major Hillary of the 9th Queens Royal Lancers looks back with great satisfaction on the day he decided to rejoin the Army in 1947. After an active war service, during which he won the Military Medal in North Africa, he tried civilian life again, but soon found he missed the comradeship—and the good pay! He decided to rejoin and, making good use of the Army Education facilities, reached his present rank of Squadron Sergeant Major in less than four years. He now earns £12 per week and has his own house. His duties enable him to go home at weekends to his wife and children in Darlington, and he also has plenty of time to enjoy his favourite sports, which are football, hockey and swimming. 'It's a grand life' he says, 'and being in the Army also gives you prestige in the eyes of your friends in civilian life. A soldier is *somebody* today!'

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GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from page 13

my carriage. One night, a party of five accosted me in the street. "You won't need these any more," they said, pointing to the captain's stars on my lapel. I resisted, but they overpowered me and ripped off the stars. "Filthy capitalist," they jeered. It was useless attempting to call the police. At this time, the police were powerless—or apathetic.

Father was living quietly at home on his ample reserves, content in knowing that whatever government ultimately came into power would need his technical knowledge of the textile trade. Lily had married an extremely rich young baron and was now living in semi-hiding in a country cottage where they were growing their own food. She, too, had every prospect of riding the storm.

One Hope Of Escape

For Elizabeth and I there was nothing, and we resolved to escape.

Because Austrian citizens were forbidden to leave the country—indeed, many of them had been shot for trying—our only hope of escape lay in getting a forged foreign passport. One night, just before midnight, we entered a small, dimly lit room in a dilapidated house in one of the slum districts. A short, dark man with a crooked nose, who looked like a common thief, was sitting behind a desk. What country?" he snapped.

I had already decided on Rumania. The Rumanian upper-class spoke as much French as Rumanian and my own French was fluent. "What name would you like?" he asked.

"Any Rumanian name that sounds good." We settled on Lupescu.

His eyes glittered. "About the question of payment. . . ." Hopelessly, I suggested cash. He rejected the idea with a wave of his arm. "We're only interested in jewellery, pictures, furs," he said.

I had come prepared. "Will these do?" I laid on his desk a diamond ring and two silver-fox furs. He turned them over dubiously. "Not enough."

"But I haven't anything else."

"Not a gold cigarette-case?"

I remembered the gold cigarette-case which my father had once given me as a birthday present. I took it from my pocket. "There's this," I said, "but I don't want to part with it."

He shrugged. "Either that or the passport." We needed the passport. I threw the cigarette-case on to the desk with the furs.

By his side was a bookcase crammed with passports of every nation, looted from the Viennese consulates during the disorder. He took down a Rumanian one, wrote in it the name of Lupescu and pasted in our photographs. We were equipped to escape.

Around eight o'clock the next evening, carrying four suitcases with all our clothes and the few pieces of jewellery that still remained, we climbed into a second-class compartment of the Trieste train. For minutes that seemed like eternity, we waited for the train to start. Every passenger, every railway official who passed along the platform, might be a government spy. We remembered that the penalty for attempting to leave the country illegally was death.

Suddenly, with a shriek and a whistle, the train jerked out of the station. Soon we were running swiftly towards the Italian frontier.

It was about eleven when we reached a small frontier station. Most of the passengers had already left the train and we had a compartment to ourselves. I warned Elizabeth not to speak in case her German gave us away. A few minutes later, a uniformed official entered our compartment.

"Nationality?"

"Rumanian," I said in French, and produced our passport. He took out a magnifying-glass to see if there were any erasures. "Who's she?" he asked, pointing to Elizabeth. I told him. He peered at her face, then looked at the photograph on the passport. He seemed satisfied, and went on his way.

Crept Out Of Hotels

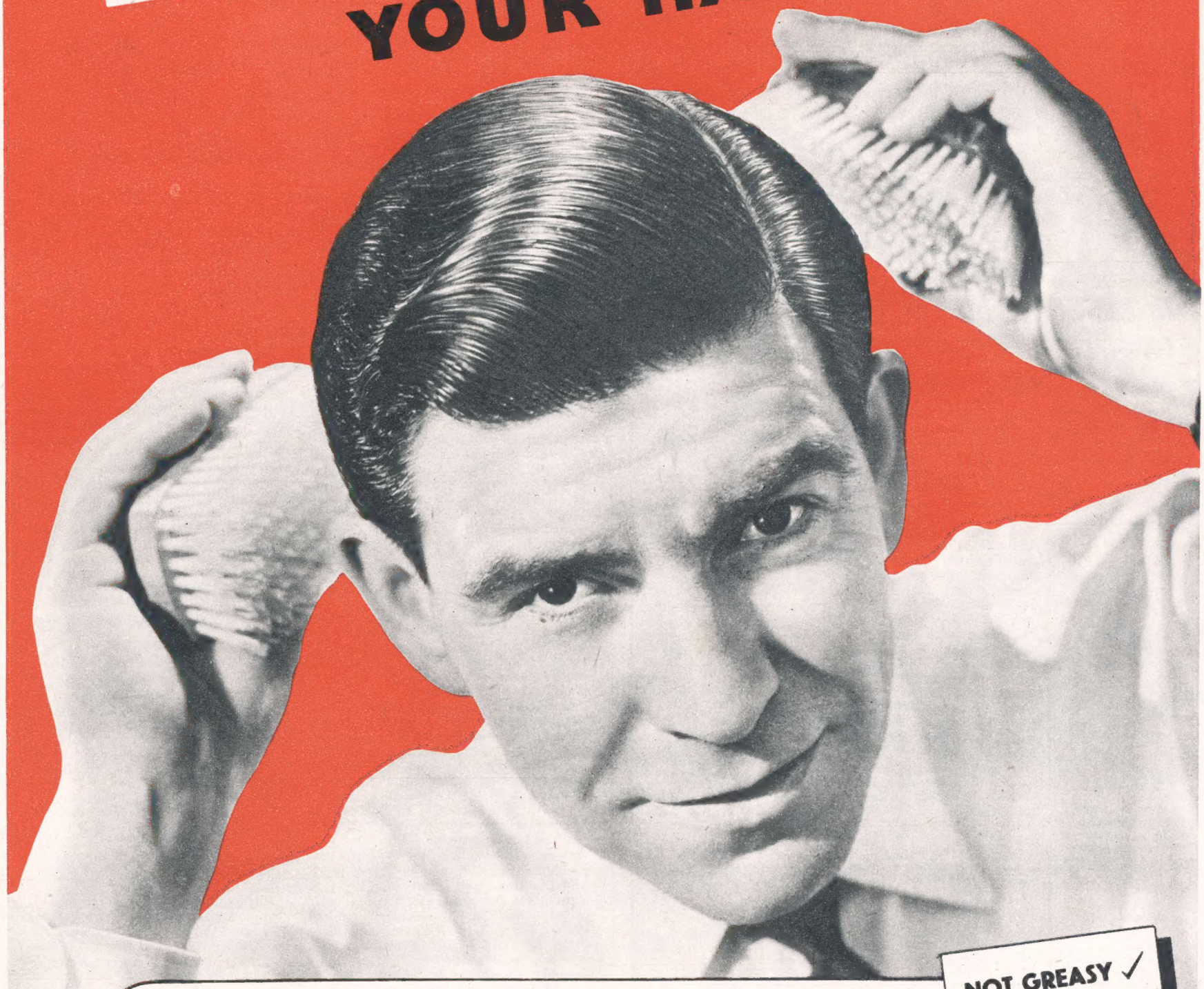
The next six months were perhaps the most difficult of my life. From Italy, we went to Paris, but I was unable to find work, and our resources dwindled rapidly. Following the suggestion of some American jazzmen we had met, we travelled to the Atlantic coast, hoping that I could find work in a casino orchestra. Again I failed. We had now so little money that we had to live on bread and cheese eaten on park benches. Twice we had to sneak out of our hotel without paying the bill. Having left a trail of impounded luggage from Dieppe to Boulogne, we were eventually reduced to the clothes we stood up in.

Finally, in Rouen, we were able, by pawning a ring, to buy two cheap suitcases, on the strength of which a landlady let us a tiny attic room. I had now given up looking for a job in an orchestra and when I saw a "Men Wanted" sign by the docks, I immediately applied. The manager looked at my beautifully cut suit. "You look a bit too smart to work here," he said. I smiled deprecatingly: "It was left to me by my former employer." The manager seemed satisfied. "In that case . . . Foreman! Put him on C."

The foreman explained that I had to

Yes Sir!

BRYLCREEM YOUR HAIR



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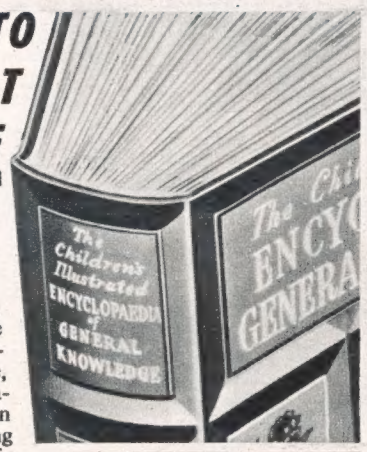

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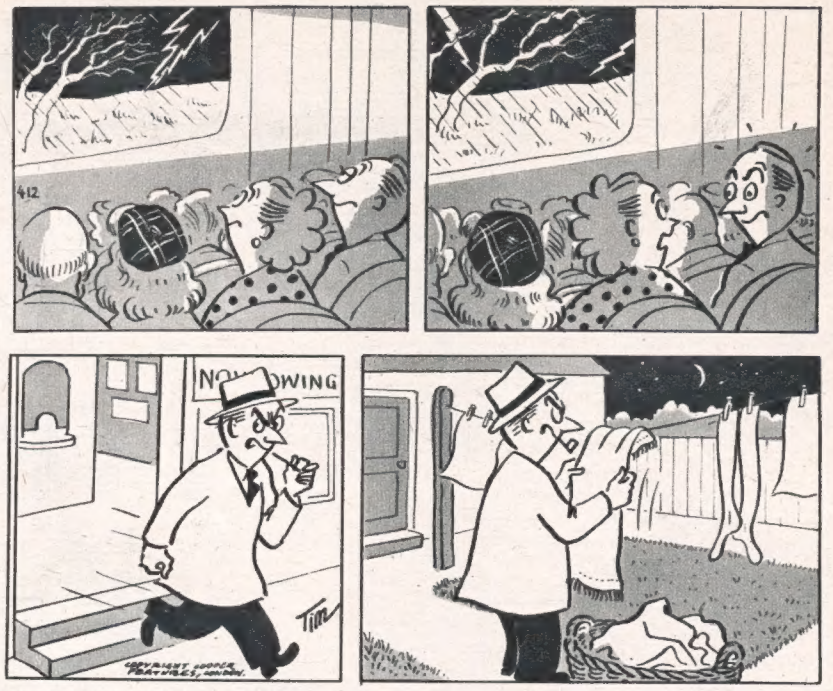

carry planks from a point marked C to a point marked A, 250 yards away. The planks were twenty-four feet long, ten inches wide and two inches thick. I had never done a stroke of manual work in my life.

When I bent to pick up the first plank, I was unable to lift it. The other workmen laughed, but one of them came across to help me. He tied a pad of cotton waste on my shoulder. "It's no good trying to pick up the plank in the middle," he said. "There's a knack in it."

He showed me how to lift it at one end, place it on my shoulder and then work under the plank until I was approximately at the centre. I then had to pull down the front of the plank and the other end would swing up. "When you get to A," he said, "just drop your left shoulder."

Surprisingly, it worked. But I was soon exhausted. When I returned to Elizabeth, at lunchtime, I concealed the hardness of the work. "If I work till five," I said, "I shall make seventeen francs." She was delighted.

Revived With Brandy

Somehow, I managed to keep working. Even though we needed the money, I knew that my body would stand it only one more day. Next morning, stiff and weak, with my left shoulder almost raw, I was up at five and started work at six. Several times I collapsed. Many times, the other workmen helped me when the foreman wasn't looking. One of them even gave me a little brandy. That night, I said goodbye to the friends I had made. At any rate, we were able to pay the bill for our rooms.

Once again I was faced with the problem of finding a job. Next day, after resting and lazily viewing the sights, we happened to pass a café called the Bar Americain, which catered for sailors from the American ships in the docks. Following the latest craze, it advertised a jazz-band. Leaving Elizabeth outside so that I should have to pay for only one coffee, I went in to investigate.

The band consisted of a banjo, a piano and a violin. There was no drummer. That piqued me. A jazz-band without a drummer is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. Also, the band was playing not jazz but pepped-up dance music. "Tomorrow," I told Elizabeth when I came out, "I'm going to see the manager."

Next day, after brushing up my American accent, I approached the manager of the bar, a short, fierce, black-haired Corsican. "I'm Harry Brown, an American," I said. "I just love jazz, but I can't bear to hear it played without a drummer. What must the American sailors think?"

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"By a coincidence," I said, "I myself am a jazz-drummer, and I happen to be free for a while."

"Fine," he said. "Start tonight."

"What's the pay?" I asked.

"You don't get paid. The band take a collection."

This was a shock, but I was in no position to choose. "One more thing," I said. "I've left my drums in America."

He arranged for me to buy a somewhat makeshift set from a local music shop and that afternoon I reported for rehearsal. Elizabeth was very happy.

Unfortunately, the rest of the band looked on me merely as an extra person with whom they would have to share the money. After much argument, they agreed to play with me for one night. If the shares were substantially reduced, they would walk out.

That night, the bar was packed with sailors from an American freighter which had docked in the afternoon. We played "Tipperary," "Tulip Time" and other current jazz numbers. I was the hit of the evening. In a few hours, Harry Brown had transformed the dreary provincial trio into a snappy American jazz-band.

When the time came to pass the plate, my colleagues insisted that the honour should fall to me.

When we divided the takings in an all-night café, my fourth share—won only after a violent argument with the leader—came to fourteen dollars. I was delighted. At this rate, I was earning about £22 a week. Even the other musicians were pleased. A fourth share with me in the band was considerably more than a third share previously. The proprietor was content because he had had more customers that night than ever before.

Drummer In Casino

Elizabeth and I now moved to a proper hotel. At the first opportunity, we toured the coast, paying our bills at the hotels out of which we had sneaked, and thus recovered our luggage. We bought new clothes and ate again. I don't know how long we would have stayed in Rouen had I not received a telegram from a Paris impresario: WILL YOU ACCEPT 350 FRANCS A NIGHT TO BE JAZZ DRUMMER AT LE HAVRE CASINO?

Once there, I was again a success and the impresario, whom I now met in person, wanted to sign me up for a Paris show with featured billing as "the American jazz-drummer." As I was still technically a Rumanian, I considered this too dangerous and turned it down. Fearing, too, that I might land myself in an awkward situation in Le Havre, I gradually let it leak out that though I had lived many years in America, I had not yet been naturalized and still held a Rumanian passport.

My precautions were in vain. After I had been in Le Havre for six months

I was called to the American consulate. The man I saw was a nondescript fellow, rather harsh and unimaginative. "I understand you are an American," he said. "Why haven't you registered with us?"

Nervously, I explained that I had lived in America without being naturalized and that I was posing as an American for commercial reasons. He asked to see my passport.

"I'll have some inquiries made," he said. "Until then, kindly refrain from calling yourself an American."

We knew that the inquiries would take about a fortnight to complete. Thus we had two weeks in which to disappear. Once the American consul found out the truth, he would tell the police, and at the very least we should be deported. With the 20,000 francs we had now saved up, we fled to Paris.

For a few days, we wondered miserably what our next step would be. We felt that we were no longer safe in France, but we had nowhere else to go. In the very depths of our despair, we were walking down a street when we noticed a sign on a building: Austrian Consulate. It meant that Austria, which now had a moderate government, had re-opened diplomatic relations with France. We decided to make a clean breast to the consul.

Welcomed By Father

He was a diplomat of the old school, one of my own class. He listened sympathetically as we told him how we had been in danger of our lives. He ended by giving us Austrian passports. Overjoyed, we caught the next train to Vienna.

A great change had come over Father. Austria was no longer a monarchy, and there was no longer a recognized aristocracy. Always one to move with the times, Father now decided that Elizabeth was socially acceptable.

He heard our story in the study into which I had often crept in fear as a boy. "Well," he said, when we had finished, "there's no room in this house for a jazz-drummer, but if you'd like to enter the textile business. . . ."

I settled down to a life of regular office hours, from eight in the morning to seven at night, punctuated only by selling trips. After our life in Rouen and Le Havre, it was dull. The hours made it impossible for me to devote much time to music, and when I suggested to Father that I accept an invitation to conduct a concert for a musical society, he sternly forbade it. "People won't treat you seriously as a business man if they see you conducting at a concert," he said.

Fake Job In U.S.A.

One morning, I was out with Elizabeth when we passed a travel agency. Noticing an illustrated advertisement for a large liner due to sail to New York in a few days' time, I stopped dead. Elizabeth immediately read my thoughts. "You want to go to America?" she asked. I nodded. "But won't it break your father's heart?"

After much thought, I devised a plan. I remembered an American girl with whom I had played tennis many years before. Her father was the president of a large bank in New York. I wrote to her, explaining that Father would be unwilling for me to go out to America without a job. Could she, I asked, purloin a sheet of her father's stationery and forge on it a letter offering me a highly paid, non-existent job in his bank? For weeks, we waited anxiously. When the letter came, it was exactly what I wanted.

When I showed the letter to Father, he was deeply impressed. "Take it," he said. "I'd come out myself if I were younger."

That afternoon, I went back to the travel agency and booked two tourist-class passages to New York in the Cunard steamship Antonia. Immigration visas were difficult to obtain, so we took tourist visas instead. A few days later, we left Vienna for a new life in America.

NEXT WEEK: My first steps on the painful road to stardom

WIN £500 CASH 1ST PRIZE for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS plus EASTER WEEKEND IN PARIS FOR TWO!

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6

3 of £5, 10 of £2. 10s. each

50 SURPRISE AWARDS 1,500 "USE-AS-YOU-CHOOSE" PRIZES

SURREY FOWLS A fine roasting fowl as Bonus accompanies each prize of £2 10s. and over won with "Bullet" which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

ON EASTER Thursday, April 15, you fly B.E.A. to Paris—your seats are already booked, also accommodation at comfortable hotel near Boulevards—sightseeing tour of city including ascent of Eiffel Tower and evening visits to cabaret, with champagne provided. Return flight on Tuesday—arrangements by Cooks whose guides accompany all tours. (Cash alternative if winner unable to accept Paris trip for two.)

Record Offer of 1954 next week—prizes value over £1,400!

THANKS to a holiday won with £500 for a *Bullet*, Mrs. F. Hicks (right), of Launceston, visited Paris. The Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, Nôtre Dame, the Louvre—she and her husband saw them all. and the Folies Bergères, too.

You can be next to see Paris—a celebration weekend at Easter goes with this week's £500. For Crossword fans there is the last £100 offer of the present series—it ends this week to make way for enormously increased *Bullets* offers.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

In The Trade Battle
Sign Of Spring
The Japanese
Tip For The Chancellor
Modern Surgery
On The Wrong Road
Wielding The Axe
Unhappy Man
Outside The Church
Somewhere To Play
Defying Death
Over The Vodka
It May Be Useless, But
That Row
Mink And Diamonds
Spluttering
What He's Up To
Shock Tactics
The Mayor Of Sleepytown
Billowing In The Breeze

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Champion Of The.....
If We Never.....
A One-eyed.....
In The Boss's.....
Buckets Of.....
.....Obliged And

"Bullets" Winners 1,921

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Television: W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtry Road, Rotherham:

Put The Job First And Be "Rock" *Britain* Demands!

£25 plus Television: G. W. E. Pattenden, 99 Wilmington Way, Withdean, Brighton: WILL NEVER DIE—BEETHOVEN'S "FIFTH"—WINNIE'S "V."

£10 plus Television: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: WISDOM—*Fines* "KNOCKING INTO" JAY-WALKERS?

OTHER AWARDS: £5: Miss R. T. Barton, 1,009 Anlaby Road, Hull: ON THE OLD ROCK—NO "TO LET" YET! £5: C. Hewerdine, 51 Swinley House, Redhill Street, London, N.W.1: THROUGH THE CURTAIN—"LIGHT"—*Then* WINSTON "RETIRING"? £5: Miss S. Howard, 7 Wellbank Street, Tottington, Bury: WHEN THE FOREMAN GRUNTS—"IT'S PASSABLE"—IT'S UNSURPASSABLE! £5: G. S. Irving, Brookfield Lodge, Wigton, Cumberland: ON THE OLD LOOMS—"WEAVING" OURSELVES *Loin-cloths?* £5: R. E. Palmer, 4 Wobaston Road, Fordhouses, Wolverhampton: TO PAY FOR THAT STRIKE'S—LOST DAYS—LOST HOLIDAYS? £5: Miss E. Pickin, 22 Walsden Street, Clayton, Manchester: ARGUE, ARGUE, ARGUE—OVER THE *Guarded* "WALL." £5: P. S. Rees, 60 Woodfield Street, Morriston: ARGUE, ARGUE, ARGUE—"HOT AIR"? DEMOCRACY'S "BREATH"!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,926 (or Xword 872), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated March 27, and in JOHN BULL dated April 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 20, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,926 result.)

FINAL "JOHN BULL" XWORD THIS WEEK!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two, three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 872**

1. Some are easily rattled
6. When the squire has to sell up, he'll probably have to lower his
7. A bully delights to do this
8. One may well be most highly cultivated
12. Most men who own one get attached to it
13. Many a housewife can't afford to let neighbour have this when she comes asking for it
14. Teacher should be able to show what one's like by drawing it if necessary
15. Is likely to remind you of certain things if you happen to forget them

Down Clues

1. With prices what they are, a great many housewives are learning to be
2. One way of increasing your income is to do this
3. One shouldn't take anybody in
4. You can't rely on this to secure rent
5. However poor yours is, some people will count you fortunate
9. One can easily pardon a man who's a little touchy when defending his
10. You may perhaps get the mistaken impression that one is well oiled
11. If there is one at all, this is pictured at top of block of offices

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to 50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up
Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 867 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Fined. 2, Fuss. 4, Coat. 5, Mayor. 7, Shared. 8, Din. 13, Walls. 14, Slap. DOWN: 1, Facts. 2, Flap. 3, String. 6, Pent. 9, Slots. 10, Bill. 11, Mow. 12, Pip or Pop.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: T. J. Minto, 65 Biggar Road, Cleland, Motherwell.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 14 entrants, each of whom receives 5-lb. Surrey Fowl in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

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B.

1,926

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Post this label for FREE and POST-FREE *Bulletin* dated March 20, containing huge £750 plus Summer Cruise Prize, third of the Giant March Offers!

FREE —post this Label!

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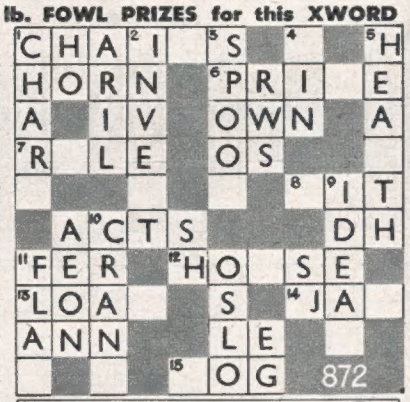
£100 and 5 lb. FOWL PRIZES for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated March 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **872** Closing Postmark MON., MARCH 8

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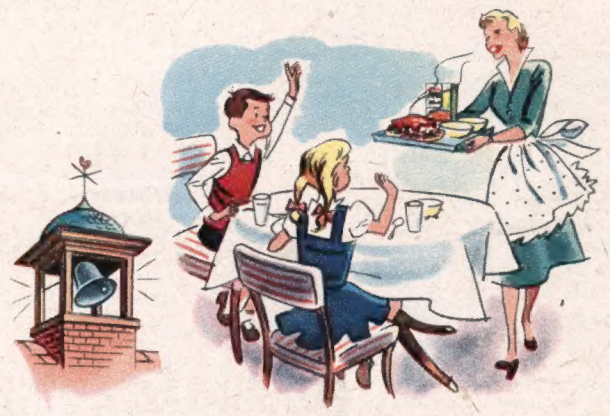
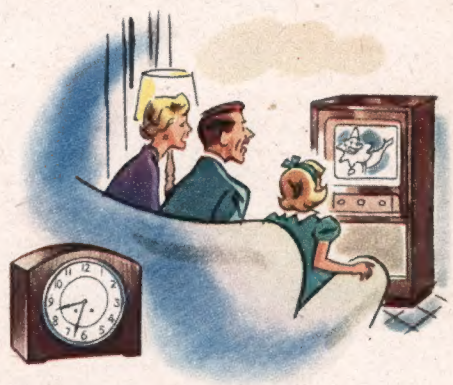


In a hurry for a lunch-time sweet? Try a block of ice-cream smothered in golden Corn Flakes and topped with a hot jam sauce. It's a winner every time!



Ever tried Corn Flakes and cold rice pudding with added condensed milk? It's a wonderful cold sweet for the TV interval, guaranteed not to upset delicate tummies.

Crisp, golden, crunchy Corn Flakes are heavenly to eat *any* time of day. Give the family a treat—let them enjoy their Kellogg's whenever the fancy takes them. Clever housewives can concoct lots more variations on this single, delicious theme.

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